THE

WITS,

OR,

SPORT upon SPORT.

BEING A

Curious Collection of ſeveral

DROLS and FARCES,

Preſented and Shewn

For the

MERRIMENT and DELIGHT

OF

Wiſe Men, and the Ignorant:

As they have been ſundry times Acted

In Publique, and Private,

In *LONDON* at *BARTHOLOMEW* } FAIRES.
In the Countrey at other }

In HALLS and TAVERNS.

On ſeveral MOUNTEBANCKS STAGES,

At *Charing Croſs*, *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, and other places.

BY

Several Stroleing PLAYERS,
FOOLS, and FIDLERS,
And the Mountebancks ZANIES.

With loud Laughter, and great Applauſe.

Written I know not when, by ſeveral Perſons, I know not who;
But now newly Collected by your Old Friend to pleaſe you,
FRANCIS KIRKMAN.

London, Printed for *Fran. Kirkman*, and are to be Sold by moſt Book-Sellers. 1673.

The Preface.

EPiſtles and Prefaces have of late been ſo much in faſhion, that very few Dramatick Poems, Vulgarly called Plays, have been publiſhed, but what have been uſhered by thoſe Cuſtomary Apologies; and ſo much Art and Learning have been uſed in them, that oftentimes a quarter part of the Book *hath been taken up in their compoſition. The intent of which Prefacing hath been alike in all to vindicate and juſtifie their own manner of writing, and decry others: Some have been wholly for Proſe, and others for Verſe; ſome for ſerious Language, and others for Farce; but all agree in this: That Plays are but Diverſions in what kind ſoever underſtood. This hath been the Cuſtom and Opinion of others. Now, leſt I ſhould appear ignorant of the faſhion, and thought uncapable to follow it, I am obliged to ſay ſomewhat too; but ſince I reſolve againſt any long Learned Diſcourſe, I ſhall only give you a taſte of my Experience, which I hope may be as divertive and pleaſant.*

The moſt part of theſe Pieces were written by ſuch Penmen as were known to be the ableſt Artiſts that ever this Nation produced, by Name, Shake-ſpear, Fletcher, Johnſon, Shirley, *and others; and theſe Collections are the very Soul of their writings, if the witty part thereof may be ſo termed: And the other ſmall Pieces compoſed by ſeveral other Authors are ſuch as have been of great fame in this laſt Age. When the publique Theatres were ſhut up, and the Actors forbidden to preſent us with any of their Tragedies, becauſe we had enough of that in earneſt; and Comedies, becauſe the Vices of the Age were too lively and ſmartly repreſented; then all that we could divert our ſelves with were theſe humours and pieces of Plays, which paſſing under the Name of a merry conceited Fellow, called* Bottom

the Weaver, Simpleton the Smith, John Swabber, *or some such Title, were only allowed us, and that but by stealth too, and under pretence of Rope-dancing, or the like; and these being all that was permitted us, great was the confluence of the Auditors; and these small things were as profitable, and as great get-pennies to the Actors as any of our late famed Plays. I have seen the* Red Bull *Play-House, which was a large one, so full, that as many went back for want of room as had entred; and as meanly as you may now think of these Drols, they were then Acted by the best Comedians then and now in being; and I may say, by some that then exceeded all now Living, by Name, the incomparable* Robert Cox, *who was not only the principal Actor, but also the Contriver and Author of most of these Farces. How have I heard him cryed up for his* John Swabber, *and* Simpleton the Smith? *In which he being to appear with a large piece of Bread and* Butter, *I have frequently known several of the Female Spectators and Auditors to long for some of it: And once that well known Natural* Jack Adams *of* Clarkenwel, *seeing him with* Bread *and* Butter *on the Stage, and knowing him, cryed out,* Cuz, Cuz, *give me some, give me some; to the great pleasure of the* Audience: *And so Naturally did he Act the Smiths part, that being at a Fair in a Countrey Town, and that Farce being presented, the only Master Smith of the Town came to him, saying, well, although your* Father *speaks so ill of you, yet when the Fair is done, if you will come and work with me, I will give you twelve pence a week more then I give any other Journey-Man. Thus was he taken for a Smith bred, that was indeed as much of any Trade.*

And as he pleased the City and Countrey, so the Universities had a sight of him, and very well esteemed he was by the Learned, but more particularly by the Butler *of one of those Colledges, who liking his Acting, and finding that those Representations were defective for want of a* Prologue, *he*

he being a dabler in Poetry, *would needs write one; part of which I remember to be thus.*

Courteous Spectators, we are your Relators,
Neither Tylers nor Slators, nor your Vexators,
But such who will strive to please,
While you sit at your ease,
And speak such words as may be spoken,
And not by any be mistoken, *Cætera desiderantur, &c.*

Although I question not but the University afforded good wits, and such as were well skilled in Poetry, *yet this was the best our* Butler *was infected with, which* Robert Cox *did speak, not as a* Prologue *at the beginning, but as a* Droll *in the middle of what he then* Acted.

Thus were these Compositions liked and approved by all, and they were the fittest for the Actors *to Represent, there being little Cost in Cloaths, which often were in great danger to be seized by the then Souldiers; who, as the* Poet *sayes,* Enter the Red Coat, Exit Hat and Cloak, *was very true, not only in the* Audience, *but the* Actors *too, were commonly, not only strip'd, but many times imprisoned, till they paid such Ransom as the Souldiers would impose upon them; so that it was hazardous to Act any thing that required any good Cloaths, instead of which painted Cloath many times served the turn to represent Rich Habits. Indeed* Poetry *and* Painting *are of Kin, being the effects of fancy, and one oftentimes helps the other, as in our ingenious and Rich Scenes, which shew to the Eye what the* Actors *represent to the Ear; and this* Painting *puts me in mind of a piece I once saw in a Country Inn, where was with the best skill of the Work-man represented King* Pharaoh, *with* Moses *and* Aaron, *and some others, to explain which figures, was added this piece of* Poetry.

Here *Pharaoh* with his Goggle Eyes does stare on
The High-Priest *Moses*, with the Prophet *Aaron*.

Why,

Why, what a Rascal
Was he that would not let the People go to eat the Phascal?

The Painting was every wayes as defective and lame as the Poetry, *for I believe he who pictured King* Pharaoh, *had never seen a King in his Life, for all the Majesty he was represented with was goggle Eyes, that his Picture might be answerable to the Verse. But enough of this Story, which pleasing me, I must confess, I have forced in here, hoping it will please you too, and then I have my ends.*

And now I will address my self to my particular Readers, and conclude. Besides *those who read these sort of* Books *for their pleasure, there are some who do it for profit, such as are young* Players, Fidlers, *&c. As for those* Players *who intend to wander and go a stroleing, this very* Book, *and a few ordinary properties is enough to set them up, and get money in any Town in* England. *And* Fidlers *purchacing of this* Book *have a sufficient stock for all Feasts and Entertainments. And if the Mountebanck will but carry this* Book, *and three or four young* Fellows *to Act what is here set down for them, it will most certainly draw in Auditors enough, who must needs purchce their Drugs,* Potions, *and* Balsoms. *This* Book *also is of great use at Sea, as well as on Land, for the merry Saylors in long Voyages, to the East or West Indies; and for a Chamber* Book *in general it is most necessary to make* Physick *work, and cease the pains of all Diseases; being of so great use to all sorts and Sexes, I hope you will not fail to purchace it, and thereby you will oblige*

Your Friend,

Fra. Kirkman.

The exact price of this Book ſtitch'd is 1 s. and if you like your penny-worth, and the Subject ſo well, that you are deſirous of more of the ſame, the Book-ſeller can furniſh you with a further Collection of moſt ingenious Drolls, containing all that is here, and about twice as much more bound together in one Volume, in Octavo; price 2 s. 6 d.

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in Halls and Taverns, on several Mountebancks Stages at *Charing-Cross*, *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, and other places; By several stroleing Players, Fools, and Fidlers, and the Mountebancks Zanies, with loud Laughter, and great Applause: VVritten I know not when, by several Persons, I know not who; but now newly Collected by your Old Friend to please you, *Fra. Kirkman*; in Quarto: price stitcht 1 s. Or more at large, in Octavo; price bound 2 s. 6 d.

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THE

The Black Man.

The Actors Names.

Black Man.
Thumpkin.
Two Gentlemen.
Bruſh.
Suſan.

Enter Thumpkin *and* Suſan.

Thump. SWeet *Suſan* remember the words I have ſaid.

Suſ. I'le reſt on my *Thumpkin*, I'le do as I may.

Thump. Then ſoon in the night I will come to thy Bed,
And ſpend the whole time in ſweet pleaſure and play.
I'le chace thee.

Suſ. I'le embrace thee, my Love and delight.

Thump. And ſpend the whole time in ſweet ſports of the night.

Suſ. But what if you afterwards ſhould me miſlike;
And not be contented to make me your Wife.

Thump. Ne're fear, I will ſtand to it if I do ſtrike,
Although, *Sue*, it coſt poor *Thumpkin* his Life.
I will love thee.

Suſ. I will prove thee, who-ever ſays no.

Thump. Jog on then, my pretty *Suſan*; come, *Sue*, let us go.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Y'are well over-taken, Sir; whither ſo faſt?

2. *Gent.* H'as got him a pretty Companion beſide.

Thump. I'm jogging hard by, Sir.

1. *Gent.* Pray make not ſuch haſte. Are you the Groom, Sir, and this your fair Bride?

Thump. Why I, Sir.

2. *Gent.* You lye, Sir.

Thump. What a pox mean you by this?

1. *Gent.* Then ſee, Sir, we'l ſee, Sir, your Laſs with a kiſs.

Thump. I thought your chaps water'd: Come, *Sue*, let us go,
W'ave paid for our paſſage, and now we are free.
2. *Gent.* Nay, ſoft, Sir, awhile, it muſt not be ſo,
You may go if you pleaſe, but your Laſs ſtays with me.
Thump. Alas, Sir.
1. *Gent.* No paſs, Sir, by this hand I proteſt;
I ſpeak now in earneſt, I mean not in Jeſt.
Thump. In Jeſt, or in Earneſt, I care not a pin;
'Tis not you bravado's ſhall bear her away.
2. *Gent.* Now ſoft, Brother *Roger*, pray what doth he mean?
1. *Gent.* Perhaps in his Valour ſhew ſome bloody Fray.
Thump. O no, Sir.
2. *Gent.* Why ſo, Sir?
Thump. I mean not to fight.
1. *Gent.* Then pack, Sir; your back, Sir; get out of our ſight.
[*Exit* Thumpkin.
2. *Gent.* Come, Sweet-heart, look not ſo ſadly,
All for the loſs of a Countrey Clown;
Prethee look merrily,
Prethee look chearily,
Caſt away cares, and ſorrow down.
Suſ. How can I look merrily?
How can I look chearily?
All in the abſence of my Dear:
I cannot look merrily,
No, nor chearily,
Since my true Love is not hear.
1. *Gent.* Hold thee contented, thou ſhalt have thy liking;
We but for kindneſs put in for a ſhare:
Thou ſhalt get no harm by our ſtriking,
We'l play fair, and ſtake fair, and play ware for ware.
Enter Thumpkin.
Thump. As ye came from *Walſingham* ſaw ye not my Dear?
2. *Gent.* Truly Aged Father, no.
Thump. Ye lye, ye Rogues, ſhe's here. [*Aſide.*
She was as fair as fair might be, and of a comely hue.
1. *Gent.* Oh, ſuch a Laſs for my money.
Thump. More Whoring Rogue are you. [*Aſide.*
2. *Gent.* Prethee ſweet, give me thy hand;
Say, Deareſt, wilt be mine?
1. *Gent.* Nay,

1. *Gent.* Nay, ſoft, my Friend, that muſt not be;
I will not yield her thine.
2. *Gent.* Sweet, by this Old Man ſtand thou then,
Whilſt he and I do try
Which ſhall bear the prize away. [*They fight.*
Thump. And that I hope ſhall I. [*Aſide.*
And art thou here my own ſweet heart?
Suſ. Who is this I ſee?
Thump. I am thy *Thumpkin* ſtiff and ſtout,
Who hath fool'd them bravely.
Suſ. Nimbly then let us be gone,
Without all delay;
Thump. Whilſt they are fighting for the Bone,
I will bear the prize away. [*Exeunt.*
1. *Gent.* But ſoft, my Friend, why do we fight?
S'death, where is the VVench?
2. *Gent.* This Leacherous gray-beard hath us beguil'd,
And away hath born her hence.
1. *Gent.* Then let's like Lightning him purſue,
And for this Treacherous part,
VVe'l give the gray-beard Rogue his due,
S'death, I am vext at heart. [*Exeunt, loſing the Wench.*

Enter Thumpkin *and* Suſan.

Thump. Jog on, my pretty *Suſan*;
How lik'ſt thou my device?
I think I over-reach'd the Rogues,
And gull'd them in a trice.
Suſ. Thy wit has got my Liberty,
And freed me from all woe.
Thump. Jog on, Jog on, my pretty *Sue*;
Come, *Suſan*, let us go.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* You are well over-taken, Sir.
I'm glad I've found you out.
Thump. O woe is me, O woe is me;
They'l hang me out of doubt.
Look how my back-ſide trembles, and
See how my buttocks quake:
O woe is me, O woe is me,
VVhat Excuſe ſhall I make?

2, *Gent.* None at all, Sir; here's part of a Mornings purchase for you, get up.

[*They set him on a stool with a sheet about him, like a Ghost.*

1. *Gent.* In this same plight, Sir, thus disguis'd,
A mumming you must go.

Thump. I never got a VVench with Child,
VVhy should you use me so?

1. *Gent.* No matter for your Wenching, Sir, if any body come, Remember 'tis our will, that still you answer all with mum.

Thump. But how if any Body, Sir,
Should ask me what's a Clock?

1. *Gent.* Then answer them with mum, you Slave.

Thump. Then they will think I mock.

2. *Gent.* No matter for their thinking, Sir,
If any body come;
Remember still, it is our will,
You answer all with mum.

Thump. Mum, mum; *Sue, Sue,* mum.

1. *Gent.* Mum, you Slave. [*Exeunt two Gentlemen.*

Enter Brush.

Brush. Come buy a Brush --- Buy a Brush for your Cloaths,
To keep them from the dust and Moths;
Handsill I will not forsake,
Lucky money I would take.
Come buy a Brush, on Table-Book, will ye buy a Brush ——

Thump. Mum ——

Brush. VVhat is this I do behold?
All my Joynts do quake with cold;
'Tis the Spirit of some lewd Knave,
Newly risen from his Grave:
And wandring from his home, doth fright
Those that walk i'th' dead of Night.
Gentle Spirit, tell to some
The cause of thy appearance ——

Thump. Mum.

Brush. 'Tis a gentle Ghost I see,
He and I shall soon agree;
*I'l*e Barter all the ware *I've* here
For Bottle Ale, and double Beer.
Come, come, come, to the next Red Lettice let us ——

Thump. Mum.

Thump. Mum.

Bruſh. VVhat, nothing but mum: Mum by your ſelf, and be hang'd if you will. [*Exit running.*

Thump. O woe is me, was ever Man thus croſt?
In this poor plight my wits I've almoſt loſt.
My pretty *Sue*
I bid adieu:
And here like one that's dumb;
In this ſad plight,
Much like a ſpright,
Muſt anſwer all with mum.
But 'tis no matter ———
I'le turn my mum to ho, ho, ho;
And fright the next doth come or go.

Enter Black Man.

Black. Black I do cry,
Will you any of me buy?
Look on my Wares, and view them well; Cloaths I do want, and my money it is ſcant, and my Trade, pox on't, is but poor and bare. Buy black, buy my black Ware. Maidens if you will come and try your skill; I have black, buy my black, the beſt you e're did lack; come, a ſwop, a ſwop; be it old Boots, or Shooes, handſil not refuſe. Come buy my black Tinder-box; what is't you lack? How long ſhall I call and cry, e're handſil I take: Maidens buy, buy, buy; but ah to me, what's this I ſee? My mirth and glee is turn'd to grief.

Thump. Ho, ho, ho, ho.

Black. Oh, gentle ſpright, thy ghaſtly ſight does me affright, what ſhall I do? ———

Thump. Man, forbear this place,
For none to hurt I ſeek;
Let not my ſhadow chace
Thy countenance from thy cheek.
Then Man forbear, this Garment wear, to all that comes or goes, to thy beſt skill, perform my will, by anſwering all with Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh. Who's that, Old Houſe?

Black. What *Thumpkin*? Old Houſe do's call me? If I had been an Old Houſe thou hadſt ſhaken me to pieces e're this; I'm ſure the Gable end of my Houſe began to open in the

the Joice. But why did you fright me ſo, *Thumpkin*?

Thump. Ah, Old Houſe, I have had the worſt luck. Didſt thou not know my Sweet-heart?

Black. What, *Sue*, at the Church ſtile?

Thump. I, the ſame; a couple of Cony-catching Raſcals have ſtoln her from me.

Black. What, were they Butchers, or Rabbet-men.

Thamp. They might be Butchers by their ſlippery tricks, but I take them to be Gentlemen, Cony-catchers, Smell-ſmocks, Tear-plackets. Now, Old Houſe, if thou wilt help me to get her again, thou ſhalt have her Maiden-head, if thou canſt get it.

Black. Sayſt thou ſo? Well, a match if it ſtand. But what muſt I do?

Thump. Why, do you take this Sheet, and do as I did.

Black. I, but who ſhall cry my Black?

Thump. Why, that will I; now hear. Come buy my black, delicate black, who buys my black, dainty fine white black, come buy my black. [*Exit.*

Enter Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Our Sentinel keeps well his ſtanding. *Black.* Ho, ho, ho.

2. *Gent.* But has not done to our commanding. *Bla.* Ho, ho, ho.

1. *Gent.* Wherefore did he leave his mumming?

Black. Ho, ho, ho.

2. *Gent.* The reaſon was of our not coming. *Black.* Ho, ho, ho.

1. *Gent.* This Houſe is haunted ſurely, Brother.

Black. Ho, ho, ho.

2. *Gent.* See, here comes juſt ſuch another. [*Enter* Thumpkin.

1. *Gent.* Brother, I think it is the Devil. *Black.* Ho, ho, ho.

Black. Ho, ho, ho.

2. *Gent.* He's come to plague us for our evil.

Black. Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. [*Jumps off the Stool.*

A kind Young Man you have abuſed, fa la, fa la.

Thump. And in troth his Love miſ-uſed, fa la, la.

Black. Your furious Weapons ſtraight deliver, fa, la, la.

Thump. See how the Raſcals quake and quiver, fa, la, la.

Both. We do, we do, here, pray Sirs, take e'm, fa, la, la.

Black. Our looks do like an Ague ſhake e'm, fa, la, la.

Both. It does, it does, pray leave your roaring, fa, la, la.

Thump. Be gone, and ſay y'ave ſcapt a ſcouring, fa, la, la.

Venus

Venus and Adonis,

OR, THE

Maid's Philoſophy.

The Actors Names.

Venus.
Adonis.
Two Hunſ-men:

Enter Venus *and* Adonis.

Venus. *Adonis,* wilt thou now from me be gone?
And leave me here to mourn and ſigh alone?
Regards thou not the flower of my Youth:
Which of my tender Love t'haſt had ſuch proof?
Thou captivated haſt long ſince my heart,
And wilt thou now unkindly from me part?
O, do not go, the dangers very great;
Thy Death I much do fear it will create.

Adonis. Fair Nymph, leave off to ſigh for me;
A quick return I'le make to thee.
No dangers in theſe Huntings are,
Therefore from grief I pray forbear:
VVhilſt I am gone take thou my heart,
VVhich is of me the better part.
Then Deareſt ſigh no more in vain,
For I ſhall ſoon be back again;
And with ſuch Joys my Queen I'le Crown,
As ſhall unto the VVoods reſound.

Venus, Since

Venus. Since you will go, prosperity
Attend you to Eternity.
Ado. The like to you, dear Saint, I wish,
With all the happiness and bliss
The gods can give, a while farewell,
When next we meet all will be well.
Venus. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Adonis *Hunting, and wounded.*

Ado. Ah, what a sad unfortunate Man was I,
Not to observe the tears of her fair Eye.
Her sweet perswasions not to have me go,
Still to her suit I ever answer'd no.
And yet, grim Death, it is not thee I fear;
For her alone is all my grief and care.
Adieu, fair *Venus*, adieu to thee a while,
Our future Joys will make us both to smile.

Enter Venus *seeing* Adonis *dead.*

Venus kneeling. Ame, that e're I liv'd to see thy death.
A woe is me.
What cruel Fate brought this sight hither?
Why did not we dye both together?
How sad and unhappy is my Fate,
Thus to be made unfortunate?
Farewell unto my dearest Love,
Untill that we do meet above.

Enter two Hunts-men.

1. *Hunt.* Ha, who is't that on yon place doth lye,
That is so stain'd with a vermilion dye?
2. *Hunt.* I know not truly, let us thither go.
1. *Hunt.* With all my heart, that we the truth may know.
[*Going towards him.*
Alas, we only thought to wound the Hart,
But now I see *Adonis* bears the smart.
Let's bear him hence, and speedily return,
And safe conduct him to his peaceful Urn.

Philetis and Conſtantia.

The Actors Names.

Philetis.	In Love with *Conſtantia.*
Philocritus.	Brother to *Conſtantia.*
Guiſcardo.	Rival to *Philetis.*
An Old Man.	Father to *Conſtantia.*
Conſtantia.	Siſter to *Philocritus.*

Enter Philetis.

Philetis. O *Cupid*, thou whoſe uncontrouled ſway
Do all Cæleſtial Deities obey.
O force *Conſtantia's* heart to yield to Love,
Of all thy works thy Maſter-piece 'twill prove:
O kindle flames in her like thoſe in me,
And grant that I her Beauty now may ſee:
And view thoſe Eyes that with their glorious light
Do only give contentment to my ſight.
Juſt like a Ship, whilſt every Mountain Wave
Threatens the Marriner with a gaping Grave;
Such is my caſe as doth my ſtate appear,
Or like diſtracted between hope and fear.
Now to the Woods I'le go, and there complain;
No comfort can I have to eaſe my pair. [*Exit.*

Enter Conſtantia.

Conſt. To whom ſhall I my ſorrows ſhow?
Not to Love, for he is blind, and my *Philetis* doth not know
The inward ſorrows of my mind, and all theſe ſenſleſs Walls
that are round about me cannot hear. [*Exit.*

Philetis *and* Conſtantia.

Enter Philocritus, Conſtantia's *Brother*.

Philocri. The Cryſtal Brooks which gently run between
The ſhadowing Trees, and keep the Meadows green,
To hear *Philetis* tell his woful ſtate,
In ſhew of grief run murmuring at his Fate.
His cauſe of ſadneſs I intend to know,
Since unto him ſuch Friendſhip I do owe.
Who leaves to guide the Ship whilſt ſtorms ariſe
Is guilty both of ſin and Cowardize.
Behind ſome Tree I here my ſelf will hide,
Perhaps I may remain by him unſpy'd. [*Exit.*

Enter Philetis.

Philet. Long have I ſtaid, and yet have no relief,
Becauſe ſhe knows not of my killing grief:
Long have I Lov'd, yet have no favour ſhown,
Becauſe I fear to make my ſorrows known.
For why, alas, ſhould ſhe but once dart
At me diſdain, would kill my ſubject heart:
But he who hath all ſorrows born before,
Need not to fear to be oppreſt with more.

Enter Philocritus *from behind the Tree.*

Philocri. No longer now (my Friend) I can forbear;
My dear *Philetis*, by thy ſelf I'le ſwear
To rule this paſſion, if it may not be,
Give to thy Love but Eyes, that it may ſee.
Philet. Amazement ſtrikes me dumb; what ſhall I do?
Shall I reveal, or yet deny to ſhow:
If I reveal my Love, I fear 'twill prove
A let, if not, it may his Anger move.
Theſe doubts like *Scylla* and *Charbdis* ſtand,
Whilſt *Cupid*, a blind Pilot, doth command.
But now I am reſolv'd, my dear *Philocritus*,
Yet cenſure not, but give me leave to eaſe
my caſe with words, my grief you ſhould have known e're
this,

this, if that my heart had been my own; I am all Love, my heart is all on fire, which kindles in my breaſt a flame. Deſire no Phyſick can re-cure my weak Eſtate; My Wound is grown too great, too deſperate.

Philocri. Yet there is no Phyſician can apply The Med'cine e're he know the Malady.

Philet. Yet he who acquainteth others with his moan, Adds to his Friend grief, but cureth not his own.

Philocri. That burden may be born with two with care, Which is, perhaps, too great for one to bear. ſhould miſtruſt your Love, to hide from me Your thoughts, and tax you with inconſtancy.

Philet. To ſport with catching ſnares, which Love hath ſet, Like a poor flye caught in *Arachnes* Net: So have I ſported with her beauteous light, Till I at laſt grew blind with too much ſight. That ſo hath toucht my Love-ſick Soul, that I Shall live in torment, though each minute dye.

Philocri. Who is't, *Philetes*, that doth thee ſo move? I may, perhaps, aſſiſt you in your Love. My councel thus the error may reclaim, Or my ſalt tears quench thy anoying flame.

Philet. Like *Ægypt's Nilus*, ſo my Eyes do flow, Yet all the watry Planets I beſtow Is to my flames annoy like *Dodems* Spring: That lights the Torch the which is put therein. Yet ſhe is call'd *Conſtantia*, tears the beſt Expreſſors of true ſorrow ſpeak the reſt.

Philocri. And is this all, what e're your grief will eaſe, It ſhall be ſoon done by *Philocrites*. Think all you wiſh perform'd, but ſee the day, Tir'd with his heat, is haſtning now away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Philetis *and* Conſtantia.

Phi. kneeling. Faireſt of all whom the bright beams do cover, Do not the ſighs of a ſubmiſſive Lover, Do not theſe tears, theſe ſpeaking tears deſpiſe, Firſt ſtruck to Earth by your all dazling Eyes.

And do not you condemn that ardent flame
That from your self, from your own Beauty came:
And since it onely in your power doth lye
To kill or save, O help, or else I dye.

Constant. I for your pain am grieved, and would do,
My Honour sav'd, what e're may pleasure you.
But if beyond those limits you demand,
I must not answer, neither understand.

Philet. Believe me (Maiden) chaste is my desire,
As is thy thoughts, 'tis no dishoneſt fire:
But as thy Beauty pure, which let not be
Eclipsed by disdain and Cruelty.

Const. Ah, how shall I reply, my Dear, th'ast won
My Love, and eke my heart y'ave overcome.
And if I should deny thy Love, then I
Should prove a Tyrant to my self and dye:
Impute it rather to my ardent Love,
And thy sweet Beauty which did me so move.
Those Eyes that drew like Load-stones with their might
The hardest heart one mind to leave me quite.

Philet. Oh, my Soul already feels the bliss of Heaven, and may I lose all happiness,
If once my thoughts e're tax thee e're I'm dead,
May the just gods pour vengeance on my head.

Enter Old Father, taking his Daughter by the hand.

Fath. Such bold Intruders hence I do deny,
Into my House without my Liberty;
Therefore depart, I charge you to forbear
My Daughters presence here or any where.

Philet. Nay, good Sir.

Fath. Not at all, Sir.

Const. Farewell, my Love, hereafter wish to meet,
As I do in one Tomb, one Winding-sheet. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Philetis *and* Constantia.

Philet. Since now, my Dear, propitious is the time
T' enjoy our Love, let us not then resign
Up what we wish, for Opportunity
May soon the wings of Love out-flye:
Who lets slip Fortune, he shall seldome find,
Occasion once past by is bald behind:

For

For when your Father ſhall purſue the Hare,
If you'l be ready, I will meet you there;
Thence we'l depart with ſafety, and no more
With Dreams of pleaſure, only heal our ſore.
Conſt. Now I am wrapt in Joy, ſince you have found
A way to eaſe the torments of our wound.
Philet. Faireſt, let's take an happy parting kiſs,
Suſpition hinders Loves immediate Bliſs. [*Exeunt.*

Running over the Stage a Hunting, Philetis *lyes in ambuſh and catcheth* Conſtantia; Guiſcardo, Philetis *his Rival, finding him, runs him through the Body.*

Philet. O, ſee, *Conſtantia,* my ſhort Race is run,
But live more happy then thy Love hath done.
See how my Blood the thirſty ground doth dye,
And when I'm dead, then think ſometimes on me:
Mourn my ſhort time permits me not to tell,
For Death now ſeizeth me; my Dear, farewell. [*Dyes.*

Guiſcardo *takes* Conſtantia *by the hand.*

Queſtion not my intents, nor fill the Wood
With clamours loud, I'le do what's for your good:
You need not in contempt have thrown your heart
On poor *Philetis* here, you knew my ſmart.
Thus wrong my mind with ſudden anger fill
And thus my Active hand your Minion kill.
Other affronts with patience I have born;
Revenges cauſes, or immediate ſcorn.

Enter Philocritus *with a drawn Sword, runs* Guiſcardo *through.*

Philocri. Nay ſtay, *Guiſcardo,* think not Heavens in jeſt,
This Sword I'le ſheath into thy Villains Breaſt:
'Tis vain to hope flight can ſecure thy State;
I'm ſent by *Jove* for to Revenge his Fate.
Thus, Villain, Traytor, thus thy Life I'le ſend
A Sacrifice t'appeaſe my ſlaughter'd Friend.
Guiſcardo. Thus I'le reward thee for thy Victory:
[*Runs* Philocritus *through.*
Philo. Farewell, *Conſtantia,* for I now muſt dye.
Conſt. My dear *Philocritus,* pray hear my cry:
Speak to thy Siſter. Yet no voice reply.

{ *She runs to* Philocritus, *and kneels by him; and then ſtarts up, and runs to* Philetis, *and kneels,*

O,

Oh stay, blest Soul, stay but a little here,
Whilst I have time to Conquer sudden fear;
Then to Elizian Mansion both together
We'l Journey, and be Married there for ever.
[*She takes him by the hand.*
Oh, my *Philetis*, for thy sake will I
Make up a full and perfect Tragedy.
I'le follow thee, and not thy loss deplore,
These Eyes that saw thee kill'd, shall see no more.
[*She takes up his Sword and falls upon it.*
Oh, my *Philetis*, now receive my Breath, [*Staggering.*
That flies to thee on the pale wings of Death. [*Dyes.*

King *Ahasuerus* and Queen *ESTHER.*

The Actors Names.

King.
Queen.
Haman.
A Messenger.

Enter King and Queen.

K. WHat would my Queen, what would you have of me?
Ask freely, and I'le give it unto thee:
Ask half my Kingdom, 'tis at thy command;
For who is it my power that dares withstand?
Quee. Then this, my King, is all; I humbly pray
That you and *Haman* will come here this day,
Unto a Feast that *Esther* will prepare,
Then to my King my grief I shall declare.
King. Call

King. Call *Haman* forth: The Queen doth us invite
Part of a Banquet to partake this Night. [*Enter* Haman.
Therefore be sure you fail not to be there;
Me-thinks I long to taste of *Esther's* Cheer. [*Exeunt.*

Haman solus. Thus do all seek to purchase my regard;
And from my hand receive their due reward:
Yet *Mordecai* (proud Fool) he wont obey,
Derides his power, though *Haman* bears the sway.
Therefore I'le not be quiet till I see
Proud *Mordecai* exalted on a Tree.
I'le to the King, who will not me deny,
Then raise a Gallows fifty Cubits high.

Enter King and Queen.

King. Now speak, my Queen, what is't of me you crave?
Ask freely, and I swear that you shall have
Your full demand, I will resign
Up half this Kingdom, if you will, 'tis thine.

Queen. It is my Life (great Sir) that I do crave,
And that my Peoples Lives you also save.
Had we been sold for Slaves, I'd held my Tongue,
And patiently would have endur'd the wrong.
But to be threatned every day with Death
Is worse then Death it self ———.

King. Who is the Man? I'le make him ever rue,
Who durst attempt such cruel things to do:
For as I'm King, I'm bound to do you good;
And in your just defence I'le spend my Blood.

Queen. Haman's the Man, who in a little space
Threatens Destruction to the *Jewish* Race:
Oh, wicked man, he don't deserve to live,
The softest heart can him no pity give.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Most mighty King, by *Hamans* House hard by
There stands a Gallows fifty Cubits high,
Made for to Hang poor *Mordecai* the *Jew*,
Who ever has been faithful unto you.

King. Hang him thereon, let this Recorded be
To future Ages, as an Act from me.
Thus let imperious *Haman* be repaid,
And fall i'th' snares which he for others laid. [*Exeunt.*

King

King Solomon's Wiſdom.

The Actors Names.

King Solomon.
Two Harlots.
Executioner.

Enter King Solomon *Solus.*

Solo. I Am but Young, and in my tender Years,
Which over-whelms my heart with grief & fears
How ſhall *I Iſrael* Rule, that is ſo great?
Now *I* am plac'd upon my Fathers ſeat.
Heaven's grant me Wiſdom, and *I* ſhall poſſeſs
Both Honour, Wealth, Long Life, and Happineſs.
Where Wiſdom goes before, we alwayes find
That temp'ral Bleſſings ſeldom ſtay behind.

Enter two Harlots.

1. *Harl.* Juſtice, my Liege, an Accident befel,
None can decide but King of *Iſrael*:
We two together in one Houſe did Live,
And God to me a young Man-child did give.
Some three dayes after, this ſame ſhameleſs Mother
Was brought to Bed, deliver'd of another.
She in the Night-time did her Child or'e-lay,
And from my ſide my Infant ſtole away.
When all was dark ſhe from my Room did take
My pretty Babe before that I could wake;
And laid her dead Child in the room, but I
Awaking, to her with her Child did flye,
And taxt her with the Theft, but ſhe deny'd it;
Therefore, my gracious Liege, do you decide it.

2. *Harl.* Here's

2. *Harl.* Here's not one word of truth this Woman ſaid,
For my Child was the Living, hers the Dead.
King. Wonders on every ſide my Soul ſalute;
When I would ſpeak, diſtraction ſtrike me mute.
What Means he that can this difference end?
For this poor Infant both theſe Dames contend.
This by her tears to be her due averrs,
And to'thers impudence proclaims it hers.
Come, Executioner, divide the breach;
Rip up the Child, and give one half to each.
Execut. I ſhall forthwith.
1. *Harl.* Forbear, great King, I'd rather you would have
My Life a Sacrifice: My Infant ſave.
2. *Harl.* Let it be parted, King, and ſplit a hare,
You, Executioner, I'le have my ſhare.
King. Now I have found where truth doth moſt abide;
'Tis in her hearty ſorrow, not thy Pride:
Thou couldſt not ſuch a ſhameful Mother be
To ſee the Babe ſlain in it's Infancy.
Take thou the Child, and theſe ſad thoughts deſtroy;
Let former griefs give place to future Joy.

Diphilo and Granida.

The Actors Names.

Diphilo.	A Shepherd.
Granida.	A Shepherdeſs.

Enter Diphilo *a Shepherd.*

Diph. I Once a Shepherd was upon the Plains,
Courting my Shepherdeſs among the Swains:
But now that Courtly Life I bid adieu,
And here a melancholy Life purſue.
This ſhade's my covering, this bank my bed;
Theſe flowers my Pillow, where I lay my head.

My Food the Fruit which grows about the Field;
My Drink thoſe tears my Eyes with ſorrows yield.
Though I was once a Shepherd Princely Born,
Yet now I take this courſe, and Live forlorn. [*Eſpies* Granida.
But ha, what's here? What ſhining Beauty's this?
Which equally deſires my ſhady bliſs.

Gran. I'm loſt in this dark Wilderneſs of care,
Where I find nothing to prevent deſpair.
No harmleſs Damſel wandring, no, nor Man:
I am afraid I ſhan't be found again.
I am ſo thirſty, that I ſcarce can ſpeak.

Diph. Can ſhe grieve thus, and not my heart-ſtrings break?
Miracle of Beauty, for you are no leſs;
Water is waiting on ſuch happineſs.
It is as clear as Cryſtal, and as pure.

Gran. O bleſs me, Heavens, are you a Chriſtian ſure?

Diph. Madam, I am no leſs, pray quench your thirſt.

Gran. Kind Sir, I will, but let me thank you firſt. [*Drinks.*
Indeed 'tis good, but you muſt better be,
In being ſo courteous, as to give it me.

Diph. Praiſe it not, ſweeteſt Madam, for you know
On common Creatures this we oft beſtow:
If I had any worthy thing call'd mine,
I ſhould be proud to offer't to your Shrine.

Gran. Thou haſt enough, for Love hath ſhot his Dart,
And to thy Weeds I'le yield my Princely heart.

Diph. Your Beauty, Princeſs, I confeſs it may
Challenge an Empire, or a greater ſway;
Much more then is my worth, yet ſo much here
I am far more than what I do appear.

Gran. What e're thou art, believ't, I'le not repine;
If I am any thing, I'm ſurely thine.

Diph. Then Heav'n receive my Vows, the Palms ſhall move
When I'm inconſtant, or exchange my Love.
Nay, if I wax but cold in my deſire,
Think Heaven hath motion left, and heat the fire.
And to cloſe all, take this; I love ſo true, [*Gives her a Ring.*
By Heav'n I ſwear to love none elſe but you.

Gran. Then I ad on forward to my Fathers Court,
We'l grace our Nuptials with ſome Princely ſport.

Wiltſhire

WILTSHIRE TOM,
An Entertainment at Court.

The Actors Names.

Usher.	
Tom.	A *Witlshire* Man.
Mr. Edward.	A Courtier.
Madge.	A Countrey Wench.
Richard.	
Doll.	
Wilkin.	A Shepherd.
Lucinda.	A Shepherdess.

As soon as the Queen had taken her place, a Gentleman-Usher standing at the entrance of the Scene with a black Calot on his Head, and a Beard of the same Colour on his Chin. bestirring his staff much, and his tongue more, sayes thus.

Usher. STand by, there! Make place, bear back, bear back.

The next thing that offer'd it self to the sight was a pleasant Countrey, for the most part Champain, from whence issued the Countrey Fellows, and first, Tom, *speaking to the Gentleman-Usher.*

Tom. By your leave, Mr. Jantleman.

Ush. Now, Sir, whare would you gang?

Tom. Where is the Queen, chud spoke with the Queen?

Ush. Gang away, and be honged you Carle, you speak with the Queen.

Tom *having discover'd Mr.* Edward, *a Courtier standing near the Queen, as looking on, calls to him.*

Tom. O Mr. *Tedward*, Mr. *Tedward.*

Mr. *Ed.* How now, *Tom*, what's the matter?

Tom. Good Mr. *Tedward.* Help me to spoke with the Queen.

Mr. *Ed.* With the Queen, *Tom*, why with the Queen?

Tom. Chave a Preſence for Her.

Mr. *Ed.* Thou doſt not mean thine own, *Tom*, ſhe can hardly ſee a worſe.

Tom. Chave a Million for her.

Mr. *Ed.* A Million, *Tom*, that were a Preſent for a Queen indeed. Let him come in, but who haſt thou there to help thee to bring it?

Tom. Chad not thought you had been zicke a voole, Mr. *Yedward*, as if *I* were not ſuffocient to bring a Million my zell. Yes, though it were as big as a Pompeor.

Mr. *Ed.* O, your ſimile has made me underſtand you, but what great hopes are we faln from by this time, from ten hundred thouſand pounds, to ten groats at the moſt. Well, thou woot deliver it *I* ſee; look about thee now, throw thy Eyes every way, and think which is the Queen.

Tom. Why, thonke you, Mr. *Yedward*, this gay Woman ſhud be ſhe by her reparrel.

Mr. *Ed.* Away, you Aſs.
Doſt thou not ſee a Light out-ſhine the reſt?
Two Stars that ſparkle in a milky way,
Dimming the ſhine of *Ariadnes* Crown,
Or *Berenices* hair, and ſo ſerene,
Their influence ſpeak peace unto a Kingdom,
But thy dull Eyes dazle at ſuch a luſtre;
Give me thy Preſent.

Tom. Zoft and vair, Mr. *Yedward*, two words to a bargain. Chil not take all the pair, and loſe the thonke too. Chave no skill of your vine words, or your Poultry, as they call it. Chave waſht mine eyne enough: and che think this to be the vaireſt Woman in the Company. Chill give it her at a venture: Maſtriſs Queen, my Maſter, for valt of a better preſence has ſent you here a Million —— O 'tis here now, chud not be ſuch an arrant Aſs che warrant you, as when che was here laſt, che buſs't *Madge* with my basket on my ſhoulder for once. Chil not truſt theſe Court-nols no further then che can zee u'm. —— How like you it, vorzooth, me-think it is but vooliſh meat. O a Pumpion bak'd in the Oven, as *Madge* will handle it, were meat for a Queen indeed, nay, as good as any Counteze in Curſendome cud wuſh.

Mr. *Ed.* Well,

Mr. *Ed.* Well, Sir, ſince you have redeem'd your credit, trouble her Majeſty no more. Be gone.

A Violin plays, at which Tom *looks about, as one amaz'd.*

Tom. What, a Munſtrel! This is aumoſt as good as a Paip i'faith. Good Mr. *Tedward*, if you have any buſineſs, go about it, for mine own part che mean to make Holy-day to day, don't zee chave my Holy-day reparrel on, and *Madge* has hers on too. O for *Doll*, and *Ruchard* now; had they but thought of a Munſtrel, the Headborough ſhud not ha kept them a whome, nor their Laſſes neither.

Madge *from within.*

Ma. O, ſee where our *Thomac* is: *Thomas*, *Thomas*, ſhall we come in?

Tom. Who calls *Thomas*. Whoop: *Mage*, and *Richard*, and *Garvaſe*. ——— Pray good Maſtris Queen, ſpoke to the man with the broad ſpeech to let *Mage* & her vellows in, ſhall zee how fine we'l voote it, and when che come next, chill bring you z'ck a Cabbege ſhall be worth ten Millions. You man with the black diſh on your head! *Madge* and her vellowes muſt come in, zo they muſt. Come in, *Madge*, come in, *Ruchard*, Now goodman Munſtrel as thou loveſt Ale ſtrike up, doſt hyre, man, play me *Wiltſhire Toms delight*, and chill zo wet thoſe whiskers of thine in nappy Ale, and beſides chill gather groats a piece of all the company, if thou wert a paiper ſhud be worth ſix pence a piece to thee: hold, *Ruchard*, let *Doll* ſerve you, take *Jugg*, *Gervaſe*, and chill ha *Madge* for my zell, and hay for our Town.

The Country dance.

Richard offers to kiſs Madge in the dance.

Tom. Hands off, *Ruchard*, chill talk with you by and by.

The dance ended.

Tom. Vellow,

Tom. Vellow, che tell thee, chill not put this up. Zdaggers death, buſs *Madge* vore my vace?

Ruc. Why ſhud not buſs *Madge*, chave as much right to her as your zell, you can ſpoke with a better grace che confeſs then my zell, youd be loth though to play at waſters with me for her, chud zo veize your gambrels.

Doll. Nay, good *Richard* let *Thomas* alone, *Thomas* is not ſo tall a man of his hands as your ſelf, *Richard*.

Ma. I, but *Thomas* is a man of good parts though, *Dorothy*; he can zing and paipe, and dance with the beſt in our hundred, and for a voote, and a legg at end out, is *Richard* comparable think you?

Tom. Well ſaid for thine own, *Madge*.

Ma I tell you, *Dorothy*, with reverence to the company, *Thomas* can read and write his own name, and for a need can help the high Conſtable to write his. He is a learn'd man. And what can *Richard* do, play a little at waſters, and make the blood (God bleſs us) run abount his vellowes eares at a Wake, but turn him to ſpeak to one of us, he cant ſay *bogh* to a Gooſe.

Ric. Cont I zo? Che can do though, an't were not for making the Company agaſt, chud ſo job you and your Sweethearts nolls together, zo che wud.

Doll. How, *Richard*, ſtrike a Maid, *Richard*, *I* hope when we are Married you won't ſtrike me, *Richard*.

Ric. Che cont tell whare youle gi'me cauſe, cham as likely as no.

Doll. If you do, *I'le* find ſome body to ſtrike in your place, *Richard*.

Ma. And truly *Dorothy* ſo my Dame does, if her good-man fall out with her, ſhe has a Friend in a corner, to fall in with her preſently.

Tom. I, and reaſon good, *Madge*, one Houſe would never hold them elſe. Come, *Madge*, before this Company, ſhall's make a match?

Ma. Fie, *Thomas*, you never askt me the queſtion.

Tom. Why, don't I now?

Ma. *I*, but you ſhud ha done that before now in private, *Thomas*.

Tom. No

Tom. No matter, *Madge*, we have burst gold together, which is all one.

Ma. Indeed and zo it is, but you that are so good a spokesman, *Thomas*, shud have uttered your mind before now, must *I* guess by your looks think you?

Tom. Why, what shud zay? if thoult ha'me, chill have thee, *Madge*; what shuds make many words of nothing, buss, and the match is made. *Ruchard*, gi'me thy vist. Take *Doll Madge*; and all Friends. Here's my hand, *Ruchard*, chill take thy part against this Town and the next.

Rich. And thou zaist zo, chill take thine, and chill so veeze the Taylor of *Amsburies* Coat at the next Wake.

Here enters a Shepherd clad in a Coat of freeze, and a Shepherdess in the like manner, habited with broad Hats on their Heads, and Hooks in their Hands: To these Tom *speaks.*

Tom. O *Wilkin*, you come a day after the vaire, shud ha come zooner, Man. Welcome, *Maul*, Mastriss Queen, you don't know who this *Wilkin*, or who this *Maul* is, chill tell you. These twain were vengeance in Love one with other, as might be my zell and *Madge* for all the World. *Maull* here had a very pestilence woman to her Mother, as might be *Madges* Dame, you know, *Madge*, your Dame is a very veirec woman.

Ma. Yes truly *Thomas*, that she is, as any in *Wiltshire*, though I say it.

Tom. Now, that Mother being a pestilence woman, as I sed before, wood by no means possible that these twain, loving wretches, shud be man and wife together, cause *Wilkin* had not zeepe enough vorzooth, vor that Mother was damnation covetous: Yet for all that, *Maull* being a parlous Wench, as you zee, stole from her Mother, and clapt up the Match between um, her Mother being as ingrant of it as you are. Now, all the Parish wondred why she shud be led into a vooles Paradice by him, you zee there are them in place be a proper as him zell very inch, but when all came to all, she zed she was led away with his singing vorzooth. Now, to zay troth, he zings well, though he be nothing comparable to the Munstrel, that

that zung the zong of Short-coat, when you were here last, vor all that, you shall hear him zing a bomination vyne zong of his love to *Maull*. Zing, *Wilkin*, we'le get leave to stay zo long. What, che think thou wants a Viddle, chill vetch thee a Viddle, mar, if there be a Viddle in the House.

He goes in, and brings out a Theorbo.

Che can borrow no Viddle but this, and here's one aumost as long as a May-pole; prithee make shift for once.

The Shepherd takes the Theorbo *and sings.*

THE SONG. *Shepherd. Lucinda.*

Sh. DId not you once, Lucinda, vow
You would Love none but me?

Lu. *I, but my Mother tels me now*
I must love wealth, not thee.

Sh. *'Tis not my fault my Sheep are lean,*
Or that they are so few.

Lu. *Nor mine, I cannot love so mean,*
So poor a thing as you.

Sh. *Cruell; thy Love is in thy power,*
Fortune is not in mine.

Lu. *But Shepherd, think how great my dowre*
Is in respect of thine.

Sh. *Ah me!* Lu. *Ah me!* Sh. *Mock you my grief?*

Lu. *I pity thy hard Fate.*

Sh. *Pity for Love is poor relief,*
I'd rather choose thy hate.

Lu. *But I must Love thee.* Sh. *No.* Lu. *Believe,*
I'le seal it with a kiss,
And give thee no more cause to grieve,
Then what thou find'st in this.

Sh. Lu. *Be witness then you powers above,*
And by these holy bands,
Let it appear that truest Love
Grows not from wealth, or Lands.

After the Song.

Tho. Well, we'l take our leaves for this time, when you have a mind to more of this, tell but Mr. *Tedward*, and we'l come at a whistle.

OENONE,

OENONE, A *Paſtoral.*

The Names of the Perſons.

Amintas, *Dorilas* — Two Shepherds in Love with *Oenone.*

Strephon, *Dorus* — Two other Shepherds.

Hobbinall, *God Pan.*, *Satyrs.*, *Punch.* — A Ruſtick Swain, conceited that *Oenone* is enamored of him.

Oenone.
Amarillis.
Cloris.
Phillis.
Margery.

Enter Dorilas, *as coming to the place where* Oenones *Birth-day is to be Celebrated.*

Dorilas.

THis is the place, the way me-thought was long,
And my ſlow pace did my affection wrong.
For who is he that would not wing his haſt,
When by *Oenone's* eyes he ſhall be grac'd?
Moſt potent Shepherdeſs who haſt power t'enthrall
Not only my poor heart alone, but all.
For every one that reigns here, ſtrives to be
Rather her captive, then at liberty.
Her eyes do perfectly two Suns preſent,
And yet but one graces the Firmament:
The colour of her lips doth juſtly ſhow
Like that of *Cherries* when they kindly grow;

And ſuch a form they have, they may entice
To think ſuch only grew in Paradice,
The Lambs are fatter that by her do feed,
And all her Ewes more frequently do breed
Then any Shepherds, and do yield each year
A larger fleece then any others bear;
As if ſhe brought a miracle to paſs,
And fed them with her looks more then the graſs.
If then ſhe will (when other Shepherds ſtand
To beg a favour from her eyes or hand)
Eſteem me moſt, my poor heart then will be
Taught the true ſenſe of a felicity.
But ſoft, —— me-thinks from yonder grove I hear
Voyces that are familiar to my ear,
I'le not go to them; for *Love* ſays my duty
Is to attend none but *Oenone's* beauty. [*Exit.*

A Dialogue ſung between Dorus *the Shepherd, and* Cloris *the Shepherdeſs.*

Cloris.

YOu have forgot then (*Dorus*) your proteſt.
Dor. No, I have not, my *Cloris*, 'tis confeſt.
Clor. But yet I ſaw you ſlide
A Garland neatly ty'd
Into *Urania's* hand; let it ſuffice,
Though *Love* be blind, *Lovers* have many eyes.
Dor. Will you appear ſo ſtrangely full of paſſion?
Clor. I have cauſe to fear diſſembled love's in faſhion.
Dor. Then why did you, I pray,
With *Strephon* ſport and play?
You kiſt and danc'd, till day was paſt its prime,
And all the while my heart did beat the time.
Clor. May I not dance, or harmleſly be kiſt?
Dor. So I may chance give garlands if I liſt.
Clor. But when you are ſo free,
Me-thinks you ſteal from me.
For every Lover will this Text approve,
There's charity in all things but in Love.

Dor. That

Dor. That day the ſtorm fell to be true you ſwore.
Clor. When the Sun ſhin'd again, you vow'd much more.
Dor. Thoſe faithful vows I made,
were by your ſelf betraid:
For I have learn'd to know it is my due,
To be no conſtanter in love than you.

Chorus.

Then jealouſies be gone, and keep my ſheep,
Leſt that the Wolf ſhould make their number ſmall,
But of my love nothing command ſhall keep,
But Cloris *will, and* Cloris *will is all.*

Enter Amintas *and* Dorilas.

Amint. Shepherd, thy love is moſt unnatural:
For Nature does command friendſhips obſervance,
But by the fond deſires thy heart is fil'd with,
Thou prov'ſt thy ſelf ungrateful.
Dor. That Character was never coveted,
Nor muſt I wrong my innocence ſo much,
Not to demand a reaſon of this ſlander.
Amin. I will produce the truth thou wouldſt profeſs,
A witneſs 'gainſt thy ſelf: How oft have I
With care and induſtry preſerv'd thy Flock?
And when thy tender Lambs have been in danger,
How many times have I oppos'd the Wolf,
And made my ſtrength defender of their weakneſs?
And when thy ſelf haſt followed idle paſtimes,
Thy Flocks and mine have ſtill been twin'd together,
Till by my vigilance I have inſtructed
The enemies to Shepherds and their Flocks.
They were to fear me, as thy ſheep did them.
Nor have I had a thought (except thoſe dear ones
That have been buſied by *Oenone's* vertues)
Which has not ſtill paid tribute to thy friendſhip.
Dor. You then would have prerogative in love,
And leave no priviledge to me but friendſhip,
If you allow *Oenone* vertuous,

And that her eyes have power to pierce all hearts,
Why ſhould the man which you will call a friend,
Be baniſht from the bleſt ſociety
Of thoſe who are her ſervants? 'Twere a crime
Againſt her beauty to believe ſhe ſhould
Merit but one mans ſervice; he which reigns here,
I know muſt love, and that neceſſity
Makes rivals neceſſary.

Streph. 'Tis a truth
I muſt acknowledge, pardon me, my friend,
I find the Nymph *Oenone* is too worthy;
Yet her perfections (were they centupled)
Shall not diſſolve, nor in the leaſt diminiſh
What has been formerly eſteem'd a triumph,
Which is, a perfect friendſhip.

Dor. In that confidence
Thus we unite again —— But who comes here?

Enter Hobbinall *with a paper in his hand.*

Streph. 'Tis *Hobbinall*,
One that believes 'tis but *Oenone's* duty
Directly to confeſs her ſelf beholding
To him for his affection: he ſuppoſes
That his deſerts are greater then her beauties,
And is as confident the fair Nymph loves him,
As we are that ſhe does not; yet his fortune
Is more to be commended then our fate;
For ſhe is pleas'd to ſmile at his rude actions,
The beſt of our endeavours are not valued.

Dor. What paper's that he ruminates upon?
Let us obſerve a little.

Hob. 'Tis a ſtrange thing, I find my ſelf out every day more then other, to be one of the underſtandingſt, ſweeteſt, neateſt, and compleateſt Shepherds that ever took hook in hand. Tother day I ſaw my face in a pail of water, and I had much ado to forbear drowning of my ſelf: 'tis no wonder then, that the beauteous Nymph *Oenone* makes much of me, and lets all the other Shepherds ſhake their ears like Aſſes; And the truth is, if I can find never a handſomer ſhe ſhall ſerve the turn.

turn. This was her Birth-day, ſhe being born in the year —— one thouſand, ſix hundred, —— nay, hold a little; but on this day of the month it was, Winter or Summer, in the honour of which we all keep holiday; and therefore for the credit of her beauty, and the honour of my own Poetry, have made ſuch a Copy of Verſes on her, as will make her a thouſand times handſomer then ever ſhe was in her life. ——

I will peruſe them now with the eyes of underſtanding.

He Reads.

OEnone fair, whoſe Beauty does enrich us,
Tell me the cauſe why thou doſt ſo bewitch us.
On this day thou wert born, though not begotten,
This day I'le think on when th'art dead and rotten.
And though thy coyneſs and thy pretty ſcorn
Makes many wiſh that thou hadſt ne're been born.
Yet for my own part this I'le ſwear and ſay,
I wiſh thy time of Birth were every day.

If ſhe do not run mad for love of me now, 'tis pity ſhe ſhould have Verſes made on her as long as ſhe lives.

Streph. Let's interrupt him —— *Hobbinall*, well met.

Hob. It may be ſo.

Dor. But why ſo ſtrange, man? I hope you will remember we are your fellow Shepherds.

Hob. You were once, but now I command you to know, I am a Maſter Shepherd; for the fair Nymph *Oenone*, that makes all your mouths run over with water, does acknowledge me to be both Maſter and Miſtreſs.

Streph. In part 'tis true, yet if you well conſider, ſhe makes you but her ſport, no otherwiſe.

Hob. If ſhe make me her ſport, 'tis more then ever ſhe can make of thee: for thou art one of the ſowreſt looſt fellows that ever crept out of a vinegar-bottle.

Enter

Enter Oenone.

Dor. Here comes the faireſt *Idea* ever nouriſht.

Hob. I will accoſt her.

Streph. Forbear a while, good *Hobbinall.*

Oenone. It was my fault
To be ſo credulous; but 'twas his ſin
To be ſo laviſh of his proteſtations.
Oh *Paris*, *Paris*, thy inconſtant nature
Argues the ficklenes which Poets fanſie
In women, but a Fiction.
I that have formerly acknowledg'd thee
The onely perſon meriting reſpect,
Muſt now produce this thy particular falſhood,
As one to dare example; let no more
The Shepherds be at ſtrife to pleaſe *Oenone*,
Let every May-pole-meeting, every feaſt,
Be honour'd by a happier Nymph then I,
To be the Miſtreſs of thoſe harmleſs paſtimes.

Dor. Hail to the Nymph that graces *Idaes* vale,
Accept my ſervice at this dayes ſolemnity.

Streph. And if the ſame from me can be accepted,
Nothing ſo pleaſing is as to preſent it.

Hob. I, you may talk as finely as you will, but when I come to ſpeak once, I'm ſure you will be kickt off.

Oen. What you profeſs may well claim an acceptance.

Hob. Now will I ſee who is the moſt deſerving Shepherd in all the vale of *Idae* —— little rogue, how doſt thou?

Oenone. O *Hobbinall*, you are welcome, I thought you had forgot me, you are my ſport, and ſhould be ever near me.

Hob. Look you there, I am her ſport ſhe ſays; when will ſhe give any of you ſuch an honourable Title: but Sport, I do not think but thou art a Conjurer, or a Witch, or a Devil at leaſt; for thou haſt infuſed ſuch a combuſtion of Poetry in my head, that I fear I ſhall never be my own man again, nor my Maſters neither. —— There's a Copy of Verſes, read 'um; nay, they are my own, as ſure as my name's *Hobbinal.*

Oenone. I thank you, Sport, I'le ſtudy a requital.

Enter Amintas, Dorus, Amarillis, Cloris, *and* Phillis.

Amintas. Fair one, we come to celebrate this day
With other Shepherds who admire and joy,
To know ſo fair a creature as your ſelf
At this time of the year made the world happy.

Phil. And we as bound to honour you (the faireſt) that ever grac't our ſex, are come to attend upon your recreations.

Oenone. Your expreſſions,
(As they cauſe bluſhes) do exact a thanks.

Dor. Honour me
With your fair hand, Nymph, that I may lead
The way to all thoſe paſtimes which will follow.

Oenone. The honour is to me, and I accept it.

Hob. I'de laugh at that; no, *Sport*, I'le dance with thee my ſelf.

Oenone. Some other time,
By chance I may be at leiſure.

Hob. Will you not? well, by this hand then I'le ſtand out and laugh at every thing you do, right or wrong.

A Dance.

Pſhaw, waw, this dancing is like my Mothers Mares trot; *Sport*, ſhall I ſhew thee a Dance of my own faſhion?

Oenone. It cannot but content.

Hob. Nay, I know that; heark hither, Lads. [*Ex.* Hob. Str.

Oenone. Thus I beguile my paſſion, ſhadowing over
With a falſe veil of mirth, my real ſorrows;
For when time takes an end, not all the ſtories
Which ever did lament forſaken Lovers,
Shall ſhew a parallel to my misfortune.
My griefs ſhall ſtay, when all my joys depart,
And nothing but ſad thoughts ſhall fill my heart.

Enter

Enter Punch.

Punch. I will juſtifie that a Man had better have the Devil Ride through his guts with a brambill of Briars at his Arſe then to be in Love; but, as the Devil will have it, here ſhe comes that is the cauſe of it. [*Enter* Margery.
Whither ſo faſt, fair *Margery?*
Mar. To meet you.
Punch. O happy day: pox on't, here's *Hobbinall* too.
[*Enter* Hobbinall.
Oh thou that art the faireſt in the bunch,
Pity the panting paunch of pining *Punch.*
Thou art my lovely Trollop.
Hob. Punch, you lye.
Mar. Nay, if you fall out I'le leave your company.
Hob. O ſtay thou ſweet, ſoft, ſilkin ſlipe of ſin,
We both fall out, becauſe we can't fall in.
Mar. I cannot have you both, but if you two
Will obey all I order you to do,
I will have one of you;
And it ſhall be he
Who ſerves in my commands moſt ſpeedily.
Both. Agreed, agreed.
Mar. And to begin this conteſt,
Let me but ſee now who can woo me beſt.
Hob. Well, I will begin with ſome Verſes I made upon your good parts.
Mar. Come, proceed.
Hob. Your black Eyes ſhine like blacks in blume of bean;
Cheeks bluſh like new-cut Bacon fat and lean.
Your dobil tire of Teeth do ſhew forſooth,
Whiter then Ivory, or abithes Tooth.
Your voyce like Bird in Hedge in time of Spring,
Does even bewitch my ſenſes when you ſing.
Punch. To ſum up all, in this he calls you Witch,
A Bean-ey'd Hedge-Bird, and a Bacon-fac'd Bitch.
Come, now for me, ſtand as you did before.
Mar. No, be commanded, I will hear no more.

But

But to end all, let us advance
Our active Trotters in a Countrey Dance.

Punch, Hobbinall, *and the Shepherds dance a Morris.*

Hob. How like you this, *Sport*,

Oenone. Beyond Expreſſion, *Sport*;
I ſee your Vertues were conceal'd too long.

Hob. I, ſo they were, but I mean to ſhew them every day as faſt as I can. But ſirrah, *Sport*, yonder's God *Pan*, with a company of the braveſt Satyrs that ever wore horns on their heads: come, Shepherds, let's go make them drunk, and ſaw off all their horns. [*Exit.*

Enter Pan.

Pan. Hail to that Nymph that graces *Idaes* Vale,
Whoſe beauty adds a Luſtre to all thoſe
That do acknowledge *Pan* as their chief Patron.
Not any *Satyr* henceforth for thy ſake,
Shall own the nature he was bred withall.
But all their actions ſhall be like thy beauty,
Smooth and delightful, and when thou commandeſt,
Sweet *Philomel* ſhall quite forget her Rape,
And overcome with joy that thou art preſent,
Joyn with the other birds in chearful notes.
The very trees ſhall entertain no whiſper
From the rude winds, but what ſhall pleaſe thy ear,
And when thou ſpeak'ſt the beaſts ſhall dance more nimbly,
Then when the *Thracian Orpheus* charm'd their ſenſes.
And every object that can yield delight,
Shall be *Oenones* vaſſall: in the mean time,
I, and thoſe *Satyrs* that attend my perſon,
Will move in dance, to let *Oenone* find,
She can make gentle a rough *Satyrs* mind.

Oenone. Since my weak fortune knows no retribution,
But my weak thanks, accept them, being preſented.

Pan. Approach then, *Satyrs*, and let each one ſtrive
To expreſs the ſervice due unto *Oenone*.

A dance of Satyrs.

Oenone. Now honor me to grace my Bower a while,
Where I will ſtrive to let my Patron prove,
How fain I would be grateful to his love. [*Exeunt.*

THE Merry conceited Humours OF *Bottom* the *Weaver*.

The Names of the Actors.

Quince the Carpenter, who ſpeaks the Prologue.
Bottom the Weaver.
Flute the Bellowſ-mender.
Snout the Tinker.
Snug the Joyner.
Starveling the Taylor.
Pyramus, *Thisbe*, *Wall*, *Lion*, *Moonſhine*. Who likewiſe may preſent three Fairies.
Oberon King of the Fairies, who likewiſe may preſent the Duke.
Titania his Queen, the Dutcheſs.
Pugg. a Spirit, a Lord.

Enter Bottom the Weaver, Quince the Carpenter, Snug The Joyner, Flute the Bellows-mender, Snout the Tinker, and Starveling the Taylor.

Bottom. COme, Neighbours, let me tell you, and in troth I have ſpoke like a man in my daies, and hit right too, that if this buſineſs do but diſpleaſe his Graces fancy, we are made men for ever.

Quince. I believe ſo too, Neighbour, but is all our company here?

Bot. You had beſt to call them generally man by man according to the Scrip.

Qu. Here is the ſcrowl of every mans name which is thought fit through all *Athens*, to play our Interlude between the Duke and the Dutcheſs on his Wedding day at night.

Bot. Firſt

Bot. First good *Peter Quince* ſay what the Play treats of, then read the names of the Actors, and ſo grow on to a point.

Qu. Marry our Play is the moſt Lamentable Comedy, and moſt cruel death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*.

Bot. A very good piece of work I aſſure you, and a merry; now good *Peter Quince* call forth your Actors by the Scrowl; Maſters ſpread your ſelves.

Qu. Anſwer as I call you, *Nicholas Bottom* the Weaver.

Bot. Ready, name what part I am for, and proceed.

Qu. You *Nic. Bottom* are ſet down for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a Lover, or a Tyrant?

Qu. A Lover that kills himſelf moſt gallantly for Love.

Bot. That will ask ſome tears in the true performing of it, If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes: I will move ſtorms, I will condole in ſome meaſure, to the reſt, yet my chief humour is for a Tyrant. I would play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in two, make all ſplit, the raging Rocks, and ſhivering ſhocks ſhall break the locks of Priſon gates, and *Phœbus* carr ſhall ſhine from far, and make and marr, the fooliſh fates: Now name the reſt of the Players. This is *Ercles* reign, a Tyrants reign, a Lover is more condoling.

Qu. *Francis Flute* the Bellowes-mender.

Flut. Here, *Peter Quince*.

Qu. You muſt take *Thisbe* on you,

Flute. What is *Thisbe*, a wandering Knight?

Qu. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* muſt love.

Flute. Nay faith, let not me play a woman I have a beard coming.

Qu. That's all one, you ſhall play it in a maſk and you may ſpeak as ſmall as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisbe* too. I'le ſpeak in a monſterous little voice *Thisne Thisne*, ah *Pyramus* my lover dear, thy *Thisbe* dear, and lover dear.

Qu. No, no, you muſt play *Pyramus*, and *Flute* you *Thisbe*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Qu. *Robbin Starveling* the Taylor.

Star. Here, *Peter Quince*.

Qu. Robbin Starveling you must play *Thisby's* mother. *Tom Snout* the Tinker.

Sno. Here, *Peter Quince.*

Qu. You *Pyramus* father, my self *Thisby's* father. *Snug* the Joyner you the Lyons part; and I hope there's a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the Lyons part written? Pray you if it be, give it me for I am slow of study.

Qu. You may do it *Ex tempore* for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the Lyon too, I will roar that I will do any mans heart good to hear me, I will roar that I will make the Duke say, let him roar again, let him roar a gain.

Qu. If you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutchess and the Ladyes that they would shrike, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang every Mothers Son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, that if they should fright the Ladyes out of their wits, they should have no more discretion but to hang us, but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gentle as any Sucking Dove, I will roar and twere any Nightingal.

Qu. You can play no part but *Pyramus*, for *Pyramus* is a sweet-faced man, a proper man, as one shall see in a Summers day, a most lovely Gentleman like man, therefore you must needs play *Pyramus.*

Bot. Well, I will undertake it, what beard had I best play it in?

Qu. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it either in your straw coloured beard, your Orange Tawny beard, your purple in grain beard, or your French crown coloured beard, your perfect Yellow.

Qu. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all; and then you'l play bare-faced. But masters here are your parts, and I am farther to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to morrow night, and meet me in the Palace Wood a mile without the Town by moon-light; there we will rehearse, for if we meet in the City we shall be dogged by company, and our devices known; in the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants; I pray fail me not.

Bot.

Bot. We will meet, and there we may rehearſe more obſcenely and Couragiouſl. Take pain. Be perfect. Adieu.

Qu. At the Dukes Oak we meet?

Bot. Enough, hold, or cut Bowſtrings —— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Oberon King of the Fayries and Pugg a Spirit.

Ob. I am reſolved, and I will be revenged
Of my proud Queen *Titania's* injury,
And make her yield me up her beloved Page;
My gentle Pugg come hither, thou Remembereſt
Since that I ſat upon a Promontory,
And heard a Mermaid on a Dolphins Back;
Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude Sea grew civil at her Song;
And certain States ſhot madly from their Sphears,
To hear the Sea-maids muſick.

Pugg. I remember.

Ob. That very time I ſaw (but thou couldeſt not)
Flying between the cold Moon and the earth
Cupid all armed, a certain aim he took
At a fair Veſtal throned by the weſt;
And loo'ſt his love-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow,
As it ſhould pierce a hundred thouſand hearts:
But I might ſee young *Cupids* fiery ſhaft
Quench in the chaſt beames of the watry Moon.
And the Imperial Votreſs paſſed on
In maiden meditation fancy free,
Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell;
It fell upon a little weſtern flower,
Before milk white, now purple with loves wound,
And maidens call it *love in Idleneſs*;
Fetch me that flower, the herb I ſhew'd thee once,
The juice of it on ſleeping eye-lids laid.
Will make or man or woman madly Dote
Upon the next live Creature that it ſees;
Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again
E're the Leviathan can ſwim a league.

Pugg. I'le put a Girdle about the earth in forty minutes.
[*Exit.*

Ob. Having

Ob. Having once this juyce;
I'le watch *Titania* when ſhe is a ſleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes,
The next thing when ſhe waking looks upon
(Be it on Lyon, Bear, or Wolf, or Bull,
On medling Monkey, or on buſie Ape)
She ſhall purſue it with the ſoul of love;
And e're I take this Charm from off her ſight
(As can take it with another herb)
I'le make her render up her page to me.
Welcome, wanderer; what, ar't return'd with it?

Pugg. I, there it is.

Ob. Come, give it me?
There is a bank *Titania* uſeth oft
In nights to ſleep on, but ſee where ſhe comes.

[*Enter Queen and Fairies.*

I'le ſtand aſide, you may depart. [*Exit Pug.*

Qu. Come, now a Roundel and a fairy ſong
To pleaſe my eye firſt, then intice me ſleep,
Then to your offices, and let me reſt.

Fayries firſt Dance, and then ſings 1.

You Spotted Snakes with double tongue;
Thorny Hedg-hoggs be not ſeen,
Newts and blind worms do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy Queen:
Philomel with melody
Singing your ſweet Lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Ne're harm, nor ſpell nor Charm
Come our lovely Lady by:
So good-night with lullaby.

2. *Fairy.* Weaving ſpiders come not here;
Hence you long-ledg'd ſpinners, hence,
Beetles black approach not near;
Worm nor ſnail do no offence:
Philomel with melody, &c.

1. *Fairy.* Hence, away, now all is well;
On a loof ſtand Centinel. [*Exeunt Fairies.*

Ob. What

Ob. What thou ſeeſt when thou doſt wake { *Oberon comes to*
Do it for thy true love take, { *her and touches*
Love and languiſh for his ſake; { *her eye lids.*
Be it Ounce, or Cat, or Bear,
Pard or Boar with Briſtled hair,
In thine eye that ſhall appear,
When thou awakeſt it is thy dear;
Wake then, ſome vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

Enter Bottom, *Quince*, *Snug*, *Flute*, *Snout*, *and Starveling.*

Bot. Are we all met?

Qu. Pat, pat, and here's a mervellous convenient place for our rehearſall. This green Plot ſhall be our ſtage, This hawthorn Brake our tyring houſe, and we will do it in action as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. *Peter Quince.*

Qu. What ſayſt thou, *Bully Bottom*?

Bot. There are things in this Comedy of *Pyramus* and *Thisby* that will never pleaſe; firſt, *Pyramus* muſt draw a Sword to kill himſelf, which the Ladyes can't abide, how anſwer you that?

Snout. Berlaken a parlous fear.

Star. I beleive we muſt leave the killing out, when all's done.

Bot. Not a whit, I have advice to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue ſeem to ſay we will do no harm with our ſwords, and that *Pyramus* is not killed indeed: and for the more better aſſurance tell them, that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weaver, this will put them out of fear.

Qu. Well, we will have ſuch a Prologue, and it ſhall be written in eight and ſix.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the Ladyes be afraid of the Lyon?

Star. I fear it *I'*le promiſe you.

Bot. Maſters, we ought to conſider with our ſelves to bring in (God ſhield us) a Lyon among Ladies is a moſt dreadful thing, for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl then your Lion living, and we ought to look to it.

Snout. There-

Snout. Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not a Lyon.

Bot Nay, You must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the Lions Neck, and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same effect, Ladyes, or fair Ladyes, *I* would wish you, or *I* would request you, or *I* would intreat you not to tremble; my life for yours, if you think *I* come hither as a Lyon it were pity of my life, no, *I* am no such thing, *I* am a man as other men are, and here indeed let him name his name, and tell plainly *I* am *Snug* the Joyner.

Qu. Well, it shall be so: But there is two hard things, that is, to bring the moon-light into a Chamber, for you know *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* met by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A Calender, a Calender, look in the Almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Qu. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a casement of the great Chamber window where we play open, and the moon may shine in at the Casement.

Qu. I, or else one must come with a bunch of Thorns and a Lanthron, and say he come to disfigure, or to present the person of Moon-shine. Then there is another thing, we must have a wall in the great Chamber, for *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* (saies the story) did talk through the Chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a Wall, what say you, *Bottom*?

Bot. Some man or other must present Wall, and let him have some Plaister, or some Lome, or some Rough cast about him to signifie VVall, or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that Cranny shall *Pyramus* and *Thisby* whisper.

Qu. If that may be, then all is well; come, sit down every mothers Son and rehearse your parts, *Pyramus*, you begin, when you have spoken your speech, Enter into that Brake, and so every every man according to his Cue———

Enter

Enter Pugg.

Pugg. What Hempen Home-ſpuns have we ſwaggering here ſo near the Cradle of the fairy Queen. What? a play toward? I'le be an Auditor, and Actor too perhaps if I ſee cauſe.

Qu. Speak, *Pyramus*, *Thisby*, ſtand forth.

Pyra. Thisby, the flowers of Odious ſavours ſweet.

Quin. Odours, Odours.

Pira. Odours ſavours ſweet, ſo hath thy breath my deareſt *Thisbe*, dear. But heark, a voice: ſtay thou but here a while, and by and by I will to thee appear.

Pugg. A ſtranger, *Pyramus*, then e're plaid here.

[*Exit Pira.*

This. Muſt I ſpeak now? [*Exit after him.*

Quin. I, marry muſt you. For you muſt underſtand that he goes but to ſee a Noiſe that he heard, and is to come again.

This. Moſt Radient *Pyramus*, moſt Lilly white of hue. Of colour like the red Roſe on triumphant Bryar. Moſt Brisky Juvenal, and the moſt lovely Jew. As true as trueſt Horſe that never yet would Tyre. I'le meet thee, *Pyramus*, at *Ninus* Tomb.

Qui. Ninus Tomb, man: Why, you muſt not ſpeak that yet; That you anſwer to *Pyramus*: you ſpeak all your part at once Cues and all, *Pyramus*, Enter, your Cue is paſt, it is, never Tire.

This. O, as true ar trueſt Horſe, that yet would never tire.

Pir. If I were, fair *Thisby*, I were only thine.

Quince. O monſtrous! O ſtrange! we are haunted; pray Maſters fly, Maſters, help. [*Exeunt the Clowns.*

Pugg. I'le follow you, I'le lead you about a round. Through Bog, through Buſh, through Brake, through Bryar. Sometimes a Horſe I'le be, ſometimes a Hound, a Hogg, a headleſs Bear; ſometimes a Fire, and Neigh, and Bark, and Grunt, and Roar, and Burn, like horſe, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

Enter Bottom *with an Aſſes head.*

Bot. Why do they run away? This is knavery of them to make me afraid.

Enter Snout.

Sno. O *Bottom*, thou art changed, what do I ſee on thee?

Bot. What do I ſee? you ſee an Aſſes head of your own, do you.

Enter Peter Quince.

Quin. Bleſs thee, *Bottom*, bleſs thee, thou art tranſlated.

Bot. I ſee their knavery, this is to make an aſſe of me, and fright me if they could, but I will not ſtir from this place do they what they can, I will walk up and down here, and will ſing, that they ſhall hear I am not afraid.

[*He ſings.*

The Wooſel cock ſo black of hew,
VVith Orange Tawny bill.
The Throſ'le with his note ſo true, } *Queen of Fairy wakes,*
The VVren and little quill. } *and looks upon him.*

Tita. VVhat Angel wakes me from my flowry bed?

Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Lark.
The Plain-ſong Cuckow Gray,
Whoſe note full many a man doth Mark,
And dare not anſwer Nay.
For indeed who ſhould ſet his wit to ſo fooliſh a bird? Who would give a bird the lye though he ſhould cry Cuckow never ſo.

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, ſing again,
Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note.
On the firſt view to ſay, to ſwear I love thee,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape
And thy fair vertues force (perforce) doth move me

Bot. Methinks (Miſtreſs) you ſhould have little reaſon for that, and yet to ſay truth, reaſon and love keep little company together now adayes. The more the pity, that ſome honeſt neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can Gleek upon occaſion.

Tita. Thou art as wiſe as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not ſo neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of

of this VVood, I have enough to ſerve my own turn.

Tita Out of this wood do not deſire to go.
Thou ſhalt remain here whether thou wilt or no.
I am a Spirit of no common Fate,
The Summer ſtill doth tend upon my State,
And I do love thee, therefore go with me,
I'le give thee Fairies to attend on thee,
And they ſhall fetch thee Jewels from the Deep,
And ſing while thou on preſſed flowers doſt ſleep;
And I will purge thy mortal groſsneſs ſo,
That thou ſhalt like an Airy Spirit go.

Enter Peaſe-bloſſom, Cobweb, and Muſtard-ſeed, three Fairies.

Fair. Ready, and I, and I, and I; where ſhall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this Gentleman,
Hop in his walks, and Gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with Apricots and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, green Figs, and Mulberries.
The Honey-bags ſteal from the humble Bees,
And for white Tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worms eyes,
To have my Love to Bed, and to ariſe,
And pluck the wings from painted Butterifles
To fan the Moon-beams from his ſleeping eyes.
Nod to him, Elves, and do him Courteſies.

1. *Fai.* Hail, mortal, hail.

1. 2. *Fai.* Hail.

3. *Fai.* Hail.

Bot. I cry your worſhips heartily mercy. I beſeech your worſhips name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance, good Maſter *Cobweb*, if I cut my finger, I ſhall make bold with you. Your Name, honeſt Gentleman?

Peaſ. Peaſe-bloſſom.

Bot. I pray commend me to Mrs. *Squaſh* your Mother, and to Maſter *Peaſe-cod* your Father; I ſhall deſire of you more acquaintance too.
Your Name, I beſeech you, Sir.

Muſ. Muſtard-ſeed.

Bot. Good Mr. *Muſtard-ſeed*, I know your patience well. That ſame cowardly Giant-like Ox-Beef hath devoured many a Gentleman of your Houſe; I promiſe your kindred have made my eyes water e're now. I deſire you more acquaintance, good Maſter *Muſtard-ſeed*.

Tita. Come, wait upon him, lead him to my Bower.
The Moon, me-thinks, looks with a watry eye,
And when ſhe weeps, weep every little Flower:
Lamenting ſome enforced Chaſtity.
Tye up my Lovers tongue, bring him ſilently. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Oberon *King of Fairies*, Solus.

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awaked.
Then what it was that next came to her eye,
Which ſhe muſt dote on in extremity.

Enter Pugg.

Here comes my Meſſenger; how now, mad ſpirit,
What Night-rule now about this haunted Grove?

Pugg. My Miſtreſs with a Monſter is in Love.
Near to her Cloſe and conſecrated bower,
Whiles ſhe was in her dull and ſleeping hour,
A crew of Patches, rude Mechanicals,
That work for bread upon *Athenian* ſtalls,
Were met together to rehearſe a Play,
Intended for great *Theſeus* Nuptial day.
The ſhalloweſt thick-skin of that barren ſort,
Who *Pyramus* preſented in their ſport.
Forſook his Scene, and entred in a brake,
Where I did him at this advantage take;
An Aſſes Noſe I fixed on his head,
Anon his *Thisby* muſt be anſwered,
And forth my mimick comes, when they him ſpy,
As Wild-geeſe that the creeping Fowler eye;
Or ruſſes-pated Choughs many in ſort
(Riſing and cawing at the Guns report)
Sever themſelves, and madly ſweep the Sky,
So at his ſight away his fellows fly;
And at our ſtamp o're and o're one falls,
He murther crys, and help from *Athens* calls.
Their ſenſe thus weak loſt with their fear thus ſtrong,
Made ſenſeleſs things begin to do them wrong.

For

For Bryars and Thorns at their Apparel ſnatch
Some Sleeves, ſome Hats, from Yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this diſtracted fear,
And left ſweet *Pyramus* tranſlated there.
When in that moment ſo it came to paſs,
Titania wak'd, and ſtraight-way lov'd an Aſs. [*Exit.*

Ob. This fall out better then I could deviſe,
I ſhall now be avenged upon my Queen:
But ſee, ſhe comes, I'le ſtand aſide.

Enter Queen, Bottom, *Fairies.*

Tita. Come, ſit thee down upon this flowry Bed,
While I thy aimable Cheeks do coy,
And ſtick musk Roſes on thy ſleek ſmooth Head,
And kiſs thy fair large Ears, my gentle Joy.

Bot. Where's *Peaſe-bloſſom*?

Peaſ. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, *Peaſe-bloſſom*: Where's Monſieur *Cobweb*?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monſieur *Cobweb*, good Monſieur get your Weapons in your hand, and kill me a red humble Bee on the top of a Thiſtle; and good Monſieur bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret your ſelf too much in the action, Monſieur, and good Monſieur have a care the honey-bag break not, I would be loath to have you o're-flown with a honey-bag, Signior. Where's Monſieur *Muſtard-ſeed*?

Muſ. Ready.

Bot. Give me your newſe, Monſieur *Muſtard-ſeed*. Pray leave your Courteſie, good Monſieur.

Muſ. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good Monſieur, but to help Cavaliero *Cobweb* to ſcratch; I muſt to the Barbers, Monſieur, for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face, and I am ſuch a tender Aſs, if my hair does but tickle me, I muſt ſcratch.

Tita. What wilt thou hear, ſome Muſick, my ſweet Love?

Bot. I have a reaſonable good Ear in Muſick, let us hear the Tong and the bones.

Muſick Tongs Rural Muſick.

Tita. Or ſay, ſweet Love, what thou deſireſt to eat.

Bot. Truly a peck of Provender, I could munch your good

good dry Oats, me-thinks I have a great deſire to a bottle of hay, good hay, ſweet hay hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a ventrous Fairy,
That ſhall ſeek the Squirrels hoard,
And fetch thee new Nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried Peaſe. But I pray let none of your People ſtir me, I have an exposition of ſleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms;
Fairies, be gone, and be alwayes away:
So doth the wood bind the ſweet Hony-ſuckle
Gently entwiſt, the Female Ivy ſo
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elm.
O how I love thee? How I dote on thee?

Ob. VVelcome, good *Pug.* [Oberon *approaches.*
Seeſt thou ſweet ſight? [*Enter* Pug.
Her dotage now do I begin to pity.
For meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking ſweet ſavours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her,
For ſhe his hairy Temples then had rounded
VVith Coronet of freſh and fragrant flowers,
And that ſame Dew which ſometime on the buds,
VVas wont to ſmell like round and orient Pearl;
I ſtood within the pretty flouriets eyes,
Like tears that did their own diſgrace bewail,
And ſhe in mild terms begg'd my patience;
I then did ask of her her Changeling Child,
VVhich ſtreight ſhe gave me, and her Fairy ſent
To bear him to my bower in Fairy Land.
And now I have the Boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes,
And, gentle *Pug*, take this transformed Scalpe
From off the Head of this *Athenian* Swain,
That he awaking may return to *Athens*,
And think no more of this Nights accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a Dream,
But firſt, I will releaſe my Fairy Queen.
Be thou as thou was wont to be,
See thou as thou was wont to ſee,

Dians

Dians bud or Cupids flower
Hath ſuch force and bleſſed power.

Now my *Titania* wake you my ſweet Queen.

Tit. My *Oberon*, what viſions have I ſeen?
Me-thought I was inamoured of an Aſs.

Ob. There lies your love.

Tit. How came theſe things to paſs?
Oh how mine eyes do loath this viſage now.

Ob. Silence a while. *Pugg*, take thou off his head.
[*He puls off his Aſſes head.*

Pugg. When thou awakes with thine own fools eyes peep.
[*Exeunt.*

After a while Bottom *wakes.*

Bot. When my cue comes call me, and I will anſwer, my next is moſt fair *Pyramus* hei ho. *Peter Quince*, *Flute* the Bellowes-mender? *Snout* the Tinker? *Starveling*? Gods my life ſtolne hence and left me aſleep, I have had a moſt rare viſion, I had a dream paſt the wit of man to ſay what dream it was. Man is but an Aſſe if he go about to expound this dream, me-thought I was, there's no man can tell what me-thought I was, and me-thought I had, but a man is but a patched fool if he will offer to ſay what me-thought I had, the eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not ſeen, mans hand is not able to taſte, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart report what my dream was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a Ballad of this dream, it ſhall be called *Bottoms* dream becauſe it hath no Bottom, and I will ſing it in the latter end of the Play before the Duke, peradventure to make it the more gracious I will ſing it at her death. [*Exit.*

Enter Quince, *Flute*, *Thisby*, *Snout*, *and Starveling.*

Qu. Have you ſent to *Bottoms* houſe? Is he come yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of, out of doubt he is tranſported.

Flute. If he come not, then the Play is mar'd, it goes not forward, doth it?

Qu. It is not poſſible, you have not a man in all *Athens* able to diſcharge *Pyramus* but he.

Flute. No: He hath ſimply the beſt wit of any handy-crafts man in *Athens.*

Qui. Yea,

Qu. Yea, and the beſt perſon too, and he is a very Paramour for a ſweet voice.

Flute. You muſt ſay Paragon; a Paramour is, God bleſs us, a thing of nought.

Enter Snug the Joynor.

Snug. Maſters, the Duke is now coming from being married at the Temple, oh, if our ſport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flute. O ſweet Bully *Bottom*, thou haſt loſt ſix pence a day during his life, he could not have ſcaped ſix pence aday, and the Duke had not given him ſix pence a day for playing *Pyramus* I'le be hang'd, he would have deſerved ſix pence a day in *Pyramus* or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are theſe lads? Where are theſe hearts?

Qu. *Bottom*! O moſt couragious day! O moſt happy hour?

Bot. Maſters, I am to diſcourſe wonders, but ask me not what, for if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*, I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Qu. Let us hear, ſweet *Bottom*.

Bot. Not a word of me, all that I will tell you is, that the Duke hath Dined, get your apparel together, good ſtrings to your beards, new Ribbands to your Pumps, meet preſently in the Palace, every man look over his part for the ſhort, and the long is, our play is preferred, in any caſe let *Thisby* have clean linnen: and let not him that playes the Lyon pare his Nails for they ſhall hang out for the Lyons claws, & moſt dear Actors eat no Onions nor Garlick, for we are to utter ſweet breath, and doubt not to hear them ſay it is a ſweet Comedy. No more words, away: go, away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke, Dutcheſs, and two Lords.

Egæus. May all things prove propitious to this match,
And heavens poure down whole ſhowers of joy to wait
Within your Royal walks, your Board, your bed.

Duke. Thanks, kind Egæus, but what pleaſant maskes,
What dances have we now to wear away
This long age of three hours, which yet we have
To ſpend e're bed time?

1. *Lord.* And't pleaſe your grace, there is a ſcene,
Tedious, yet brief, to be preſented of

The

The Love of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*,
Mirth very Tragical.

Duke. Merry and Tragical; tedious and brief. That is hot Ice, and wondrous ſtrange Snow: How ſhall we find a concord in this diſcord?

2. *Lord.* A Play there is, my Lord, ſome ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a Play,
But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious. For in all the Play
There's not one word apt, one Player fitted;
And Tragical, my Noble Lord, it is,
For *Pyramus* therein doth kill himſelf;
Which when I ſaw rehearſt, I muſt confeſs,
Made my eyes water, but more merry tears
The Paſſion of loud laughter never ſhed.

Duke. What are they that do Play it?

1. *Lord.* Hard-handed men that work in *Athens* here,
Which never laboured in their minds till now,
And now have toyled their unbreathed memories
With this ſame Play againſt your Nuptials.

Duke. And we will hear it, let them approach.

They take their Seats. Enter Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good Will.
That you ſhall think we come not to offend,
But with good will, To ſhew our ſimple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Conſider then, we come but in deſpight,
We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your Delight
We are not here. That you ſhould here repent you.
The Actors are at hand, and by their ſhow
You ſhall know all that you are like to know.

Duke. This Fellow doth not ſtand upon points.

1. *Lord.* He hath read his Prologue like a rough Colt, he knows not the ſtop. A good moral, my Lord. It is not enough to ſpeak, but to ſpeak true.

Dutch. Indeed he hath plaid on his Prologue like a Child on the recorder, a ſound, but not in Government.

Duke. His ſpeech was like a tangled Chain, nothing impaired, but all diſordered. Who is the next?

Enter Pyramus, Thisbe, Wall, Moon-ſhine, *and* Lyon.

Prolo. Gentels, perchance you wonder at this ſhow;
But wonder on till truth doth make all things plain:
This Man is *Pyramus* if you would know;
This beauteous Lady *Thisbe* is certain.
This Man with Lime and Rough-caſt doth preſent
Wall, the vile Wall which did theſe Lovers ſunder,
And through Walls chink (poor Souls) they are content
To whiſper, at the which let no Man wonder.
This man with Lanthorn, Dog, and buſh of Thorn
Preſenteth Moon-ſhine; for if you will know,
By Moon-ſhine did theſe Lovers think no ſcorn
To meet at *Ninns* Tomb, there, there to woe.
This Griſly Beaſt (which Lyon height by name)
The truſty *Thisbe* coming firſt by Night,
Did ſcare away, or rather did affright,
And as ſhe fled her mantle ſhe did fall,
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did ſtain;
Anon comes *Pyramus* ſweet Youth, and tall,
And finds his *Thisbie's* mantle ſlain,
Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade
He bravely broach't his bloody boiling breaſt,
And *Thisbe* tarrying in a Mulberry ſhade,
His Dagger drew and dyed. For all the reſt.
Let *Lyon*, *Moon-ſhine*, *Wall*, and Lovers twain,
At large diſcourſe, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt all but Wall.*

Duke. I wonder if the Lyon be to ſpeak?

2. *Lord.* No wonder, my Lord, one Lyon may, when many Aſſes do.

Wall. In this ſame Interlude it doth befall
That I, one *Snug*, (by name) preſent a Wall,
And ſuch a Wall as I would have you think
As had in it a cranned hole or chink,
Through which the Lovers, *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*,
Did whiſper often very ſecretly.

This

This loam, this rough-caſt, and this ſtone doth ſhow
That I am that ſame wall the truth is ſo,
And this the Granny is right and ſiniſter,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whiſper.

Duke. Would you deſire lime, and hair to ſpeak better.

2. *Lor.* It is the wittieſt partition that ever I heard diſcourſe my Lord.

Duke. *Pyramus* draws near the wall, Silence ——

Enter Pyramus.

Pyra. O Grim lookt night! O night with hue ſo black? O night which ever art when day is not.
O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
I fear my *Thisby*'s promiſe is forgot;
And thou O wall thou ſweet and lovely wall,
That ſtands between her fathers ground and mine,
Thou Wall, O Wall, O ſweet and lovely Wall
Shew me thy Chink to blink through with mine eyes.
Thanks Curteous Wall; *Jove* ſhield thee well for this.
But what ſee I? No *Thisby* do I ſee.
O witched Wall through whom I ſee no bliſs:
Curſt be thy ſtones for thus deceiving me.

Duke. The Wall me-thinks being ſenſible ſhould curſe again.

Pyram. No in truth, Sir, he ſhould not. *Deceiving me.*
Is Thisbies Cue, ſhe is to enter, and I am to ſpy
Her through the Wall, you ſhall ſee it will fal'.

Enter Thisby.

Pat, as *I* told you; yonder ſhe comes.

Thisb. O Wall full often haſt thou heard my moanes
For parting my fair *Pyramus* and me.
My Cherry lips have often kiſt thy ſtones,
Thy ſtones with Lime and Hair knit up in thee.

Pyra. I hear a voice, Now will I to the Chink
To ſpy if I can ſee my *Thisbies* face. *Thisby.*

This. My love, thou art my love *I* think.

Pyra. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lovers Grace,
And like *Limander* am *I* truſty ſtill.

This. And I like *Helen* till the fates me kill.

Pira. Not *Thafalus* to *Procrus* was ſo true.

This. As *Shalafus* to *Procrus* I to you.

Pira. O kiſs me though the hole of this vile Wall.

This. I kiſs the Wall hole, not your lips at all.

Pira. Will thou at *Ninnies* tomb meet me ſtraight way?

This. Tide life, tide death, I'le come without delay.

[*Exeunt Pir. and Thisby.*

Wall. Thus have *I* Wall my part diſcharged ſo.

[*Exit Wall.*

Duke. Now is the Moral down between the two neighbours.

2. *Lor.* No remedy, my Lord, when Walls are ſo wilfull.

Dutch. This is the ſillieſt ſtuff that ever I heard.

Duke. The beſt in this kind are but ſhaddows, and the worſt no worſe, if imagination amend them.

Dutch. It muſt be your imagination then, not theirs.

Duke. If we imagine no worſe of them then they of themſelves, they may paſs for excellent men. Here comes two noble Beaſts in, a Man and a Lyon.

Enter Lyon and Moon-ſhine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you whoſe gentle hearts do fear
The monſtrous Mouſe that creeps on floor;
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When Lyon rough in wildeſt rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one *Snug*, the Joyner am,
A Lyon ſell, or elſe no Lyons dam;
For if I ſhould as Lyon come in ſtriſe
Into this place, 'twere pity of my Life.

Duke. A very gentle Beaſt, and of a good Conſcience.

2. *Lord.* The very beſt at a Beaſt, my Lord, that ever I ſaw.

2. *Lord.* This Lyon is a very Fox for his Valour.

Duke. True, and a Gooſe for his diſcretion.

2. *Lord.* Not ſo, my Lord, for his Valour cannot carry his diſcretion, and the Fox carries the Gooſe.

Duke. His diſcretion I am ſure cannot carry his Valour, for the Gooſe carries not the Fox. It is well, leave it to his diſcretion.

Moon. This Lanthorn doth the horned Moon preſent.

2. *Lord.* He

2. *Lord.* He ſhould have worn the horns on his head.

Duke. He is no Creſcent, and his Horns are inviſible within the circumference.

Moon. This Lanthorn doth the horned Moon preſent; my ſelf the man i'th' Moon doth ſeem to be.

Duke. This is the greateſt error of all the reſt, the man ſhould be put in the Lanthorn, how is he elſe the the man in the Moon.

2. *Lord.* He dares not come in there for the Candle, for you ſee 'tis already in ſnuff.

Dutch. I am weary of this Moon, would he would change.

Duke. It appears by his ſmall light of Diſcretion, that he is in the wain: but yet in courteſie in all reaſon we muſt ſtay the time.

1. *Lord.* Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to ſay, is, to tell you that the Lanthorn is the Moon, I the man in the Moon, this thorn-buſh my Buſh, and this Dog my Dog.

2. *Lord.* Why, all theſe ſhould be in the Lanthorn, for they are in the Moon. But ſilence, here comes *Thisbe.*

Enter Thisbe.

This. This is old *Ninnies* Tomb: where is my Love?

Lyon. Oh —— [*The Lyon roars,* Thisbe *runs off.*

1. *Lord.* VVell roar'd, *Lyon.*

Duke. VVell run, *Thisby.*

Dutch. VVell ſhone, Moon. Truly the Moon ſhines with a good grace.

Duke. VVell mouz'd, *Lyon.*

2. *Lord.* And then came *Pyramus.*

1. *Lord.* And ſo the Lyon vaniſht.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyra. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy Sunny beams,
I thank thee, Moon, for ſhining now ſo bright,
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering ſtreams
I truſt to taſte of trueſt *Thisbes* ſight.
But ſtay: O ſpight! But mark, poor Knight;

What,

What dreadful dole is here?
Eyes do you ſee! How can it be?
O dainty Duke! O dear!
Thy Mantle good; what, ſtain'd with blood,
Approach you Furies fell,
O Fates come, come, cut thread and thrum;
Quail, cruſh, conclude, and quell.

Duke. This paſſion, and the Death of a dear Friend would go near to make a man look ſad.

Dutch. Beſhrew my heart but I pity the man.

Pyra. O wherefore, Nature, didſt thou Lyons frame?
Since Lyon wild hath here defloured my dear,
Which is, no, no, VVhich was the faireſt Dame
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with chear.
Come, tears, confound; out, ſword, and wound
The pap of *Pyramus*;
I, that left pap, where heart doth hap,
Thus eye I thus, thus, thus.
Now I am dead, now I am fled, my ſoul is in the sky,
Tongue, loſe thy light, Moon, take thy flight,
[*Exit Moon-ſhine.*
Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye.

2. *Lord.* No dye, but an Ace for him, for he's but one.

1. *Lord.* Leſs then an Ace, man, for he's dead, he's nothing.

Duke. With the help of a Surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an Aſs.

Dutch. How chance Moon-ſhine is gone before.
[Thisbe *comes back, and finds her ſlain Lover.*

Enter Thisbe.

Duke. She finds him by ſtar-light.
Here ſhe comes, and her paſſion ends the Play.

Dutch. Me-thinks ſhe ſhould not uſe a long one, for ſuch a *Pyramus*, I hope ſhe will be brief.

2. *Lord.* A Moth will turn the balance, which *Pyramus*, which *Thisbe* is the better.

1. *Lord.* She hath ſpyed him already with thoſe ſweet eyes.

2. *Lord.* And thus ſhe means, *Videlicet.*

This. Aſleep, my Love? What, dead, my Love?

O *Pyramus*, ariſe:
Speak, ſpeak. Quite dumb? Dead, dead? a Tomb
Muſt cover thy ſweet eyes.
Theſe Lilly Lips, this Cherry Noſe,
Theſe yellow Cowſlip Cheeks
Are gone, are gone; Lovers make moan,
His eyes were as green as Leeks.
O Siſters three, come, come to me
With hands as pale as milk,
Lay them in gore, ſince you have ſhore
With ſhears his thread of ſilk.
Tongue not a word; Come, truſty Sword,
Come, blade, my breaſt embrue,
And farewell Friends, thus *Thisbe* ends.
Adieu, Adieu, Adieu.

Duke. *Moon-ſhine* and *Lyon* are left to bury the Dead.

2. *Lord*. I, and *Wall* too.

Bot. No, I aſſure you the Wall is down that parted their Fathers. Will it pleaſe you to ſee the Epilogue, or to hear a Burgo-mask Dance between two of our Company.

Duke. No Epilogue, pray you, for your Play needs no excuſe, never excuſe. For when the Players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had Play'd *Pyramus*, and hung himſelf in *Thisbies* Garter, it had been a fine Tragedy, and ſo it is truly, and very notably diſcharged; but come, your Burgo-mask, let your Epilogue alone. [*After a dance, Exeunt Omnes.*

THE

THE Cheater Cheated.

The Names of the Actors.

Two Gentlemen.	
Maſter Mulligrub.	A Vintner.
Cocledemoy.	A Knaviſhly witty City Companion.
Maſter Burniſh.	A Goldſmith.
Lyoncl.	His Man.
Holifernes Rain-ſcure.	A Barbers Boy.
Miſtreſs Mulligrub.	
Mary Faugh.	An Old Woman.
	Three Watchmen.

Enter two Gentlemen, and Mr. Mulligrub.

1. *Gent.* NAY, comfort, my good Hoſt *Shark*, my good *Mulligrub.*

2. *Gent.* Advance thy ſnout, do not ſuffer thy ſorrowful Noſe to drop on thy *Spaniſh* Leather Jerken, moſt hardly honeſt *Mulligrub.*

1. *Gent.* What, cogging *Cocledemoy* is run away with a Neſt of goblets; true, what then? They will be hammer'd out well enough, I warrant you.

Mull. Sure, ſome wiſe man would find them out preſently.

1. *Gent.* Yes ſure, if we could find out ſome wiſe man pre'ently.

2. *Gent.* How was the Plate loſt? How did it vaniſh?

1. *Gent.* In moſt ſincere proof thus: That man of much money, ſome wit, but leſs honeſty, cogging *Cocledemoy*, comes this Night late into my Hoſt *Mulligrubs* Tavern here, calls for a Room, the Houſe being full, *Cocledemoy* conſorted with his moveable Cattle, his inſtrument of Fornication, the Bawd,

Bawd, Miſtreſs *Mary Faugh*, are imparlar'd next the ſtreet, good Poultrey was their Food, Black-bird, Lark, Woodcock, and mine Hoſt here, comes in, crys God bleſs you, and departs. A Blind Harper enters; craves Audience, uncaſeth, plays, the Drawer for Female privateneſs ſake is nodded out, who, knowing that whoſoever will hit the mark of profit, muſt, like thoſe that ſhoot in ſtone Bows, wink with one Eye, grows blind a the right ſide, and departs.

2. *Gent.* He ſhall anſwer for that winking with one Eye at the laſt day.

1. *Gent.* Let him have day till then, and he will wink with both his Eyes.

2. *Gent. Cocledemoy* perceiving none in the Room but the blind Harper (whoſe Eyes Heaven had ſhut up from beholding wickedneſs) unclaſpes a Caſement to the ſtreet very patiently, pockets up three Boles unnaturally, thruſts his Wench forth the Window, and himſelf moſt prepoſterouſly with his heels forward follows, (the unſeeing Harper plays on) bids the empty Diſhes, and the Treacherous Candles much good do them: The Drawer returns, but out alas, not onely the Birds, but alſo the Neſt of Goblets were flown away; laments are rais'd.

1. *Gent.* VVhich did not pierce the Heavens.

2. *Gent.* The Drawers moan,
Mine Hoſt doth cry, the Boles are gone.

Mul. Hic finis Priami.

1. *Gent.* Nay, be not Jaw-fall'n, my moſt ſharking *Mul-tigrub.*

2. *Gent.* 'Tis your juſt affliction, remember the ſins of the Sellar, and repent, repent.

Mul. I am not Jaw-fall'n, but I will hang the Cony-catching *Cocledemoy*, and there's an end on't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cocledemoy, *and* Mary Faugh.

Cocle. Mary, Mary Faugh.

Mar. Hem.

Cocle. Come, my worſhipful, rotten, rough-bellied Bawd, ha my blew tooth'd Patrons of Natural wickedneſs, give me the Goblets.

Mar. By yea, and by nay, Maſter *Cocledemoy*, I fear you'l play the Knave, and reſtore them.

Coele. No, by the Lord *Aunt*, Reſtitution is Catholique, and thou knoweſt we love.

Mar. VVhat?

Coele. Oracles are ceas'd: *Tempus præteritum*, do'ſt hear, my worſhipful gliſter-pipe, thou ungodly fire that burnt *Diana's* Temple, do'ſt hear, Bawd?

Mar. In very good truthneſs you are the fouleſt mouth'd, prophane railing Brother, call a VVoman the moſt ungodly names: I muſt confeſs, we all eat of the forbidden Fruit, and for mine own part, though I am one of the Family of Love, and, as they ſay, a Bawd that covers the multitude of ſins, yet I truſt I am none of the wicked that eat Fifh a Frydayes.

Coele. Hang toaſts, I rail at thee, my worſhipful Organ bellows that fills the pipes, my fine, ratling, fleamy cough a the lungs, and cold with a Pox, I rail at thee, what, my right precious panders, ſupporters of *Barber-Surgeons*, and inhaunters of *lotinus* and dyet drink: I rail at thee, neceſſary damnation, I'le make an Oration, I, in praiſe of the moſt Courtly faſhion, and moſt pleaſurable functis, I.

Mar. I prethee do, I love to have my ſelf prais'd, as well as any old Jade, I.

Coele. Liſt then, a Bawd; firſt, for her profeſſion, or vocation, it is moſt worſhipful of all the twelve Companies, for, as that Trade is moſt honourable that ſells the beſt Commodities; as the Draper is more worſhipful then the Point-maker, the Silk-man more worſhipful then the Draper, and the Goldſmith more honourable then both, *Little Mary*: So the Bawd above all, her ſhop has the beſt ware, for where theſe ſell but Cloath, Sattins, and Jewels, ſhe ſells divine Virtues, as Virginity, Modeſty, and ſuch rare Jems, and thoſe not like a petty Chapman, by retail, but like a great Merchant, by whole Sale; wa, ha, ho, and who are her Cuſtomers, not baſe Corn-cutters, or Sow-gelders,, but moſt rare wealthy Knights, and moſt rare bountiful Lords are her Cuſtomers: Again, where as no Trade or Vocation profiteth, but by the loſs and diſpleaſure of another; as the Merchant thrives not but by the licentiouſneſs of giddy Youth, and unſetled, the Lawyer, but by the vexation of his Client, the Phyſician but by the maladies of his Patient, only my ſmooth gum'd Bawd

lives

lives by others pleasure, and onely grows rich by others rising; O merciful gain, O righteous in-come. So much for her Vocation, Trade, and Life; as for their Death, how can it be bad, since their wickedness is alwayes before their eyes, and a deaths head most commonly on their middle finger. To conclude, 'tis most certain they must needs both live well, and dye well, since most commonly they live in *Clearken-well*, and dye in *Bridewell*. *Dixi Mary.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cocledemoy, *and first Gentleman.*

1. *Gent.* Master *Cocledemoy, ut vales domine?*

Cocle. Ago tibi gratias my worshipful Friend, how does your Friend?

1. *Gent.* Out, you Rascal.

Cocle. Hang toasts, you are an Ass, much a your worships brain lyes in your Calves —— bread a God boy, I was at supper last night with a new wean'd bulchin, bread a God, drunk, horribly drunk, there was a VVench, one *Frank Frailty*, a punk, an honest pole-cat, of a clean In-step, sound leg, smooth thigh, and the nimble Devil in her buttock, ah fiest a grace, when saw you *Tisefew*, or Master *Caqueture*, that pratling Gallant of a good draught, common customs, fortunate impudence, and sound fart?

1. *Gent.* Away, Rogue.

Cocle. Hang toasts, my fine Boy, my Companions are worshipful.

1. *Gent.* Yes, I hear you are taken up with Scholars and Church-men.

Enter Holifernes *the Barber.*

Cocle. Quanquam te maree fili my fine Boy, does your worship want a Barber-Surgeon?

1. *Gent.* Farewell, Knave, beware the *Mulligrubs.*

[*Exit first Gentleman.*

Cocle. Let the *Mulligrubs* beware the Knave; what, a Barber-Surgeon, my dilicate Boy?

Holif. Yes, Sir, an Apprentice to Surgery.

Cocle. 'Tis, my fine Boy, to what Bawdy House does your Master belong? VVhat's thy Name?

Hol. Holifernes Rain-scure.

Cocle. Rain-scure? Good M. *Holifernes*, I desire your further acquaintance, nay, pray ye be cover'd, my fine Boy, kill

thy Itch, and heal thy Scabs, is thy Master rotten?

Hol. My Father, forsooth, is dead.

Cocle. And laid in his grave,
Alas, what comfort shall *Peggy* then have?

Hol. None but me, Sir, that's my Mothers Son I assure you.

Cocle. Mothers Son, a good witty Boy, would live to read an Homily well, and to whom are you now going?

Hol. Marry, forsooth, to trim Mr. *Mulligrub* the Vintner.

Cocle. Do you know Master *Mulligrub*?

Hol. My God-father, forsooth.

Cocle. Good Boy, hold up thy chops, I pray thee do one thing for me, my name is *Gudgeon*.

Hol. Good Master *Gudgeon*.

Cocle. Lend me thy Bason, Razor, and Apron.

Hol. O Lord, Sir.

Cocle. VVell spoken, good *English*, but what's thy Furniture worth?

Hol. O Lord, Sir, I know not.

Cocle. VVell spoken, a Boy of a good wit, hold this pawn, where dost dwell?

Hol. At the sign of the three Razors, Sir.

Coc. A sign of good shaving, my catastrophonical fine boy, I have an od jest to trim Mr. *Mulligrub* for a wager, a jest, boy, a humour, I'le return thy things presently, hold.

Hol. VVhat mean you, Mr. *Gudgeon*?

Coc. Nothing faith, but a jest, Boy, drink that, I'le recoil presently.

Hol. You'l not stay long.

Coc. As I am an honest man, the three Razors.

Hol. I, Sir. [*Exit* Holifernes.

Coc. Good, and if I shave not Master *Mulligrub*, my wit has no edge, and I go cack in my pewter, let me see, a Barber, my scurvy tongue will discover me, I must dissemble, must disguise, for my beard my false hair, for my Tongue, *Spanish*, *Dutch*, or *Welch*; no, a Northern Barber, VVidow *Rain-scures* man, well, newly entertain'd, right, so, hang toasts; all Cards have white backs, and all Knaves would seem to have white Breasts, so, proceed, now worshipful *Cocledemoy*.

[*Exit* Cocledemoy *in his Barbers Furniture*.

Enter

Enter Maſter Mulligrub, *and Miſtreſs* Mulligrub, *ſhe with a bag of Money.*

Miſt. Mull. It is right, I aſſure you, juſt fifteen pounds.

Mull. Well, *Cocledemoy*, 'tis thou that putteſt me to this charge, but and I catch thee, I'le charge thee with as many Irons; well, is the Barber come, I'le be trim'd, and then to *Cheap-ſide*, to buy a fair piece of Plate to furniſh the loſs; is the Barber come?

Miſt. Mul. Truth, Husband, ſurely Heaven is not pleas'd with our Vocation; we do wink at the ſins of our People, our Wives are Proteſtants, and I ſpeak it to my grief, and to the burden of my Conſcience, we fry fiſh with ſalt butter. [*Exit.*

Mull. Go look to your buſineſs, mend the matter, and ſcore falſe with a vengeance.

Enter Cocledemoy *like a Barber.*

Welcome, Friend, whoſe man?

Coc. Widdow *Rain-ſcures* man, an't ſhall pleaſe your good worſhip, my name's *Andrew Shark*.

Mull. How does my god-ſon, good *Andrew*?

Coc. Very well, he's gone to trim Mr. *Quicquid* our Parſon, hold up your Head.

Mull. How long have you been a Barber, *Andrew*?

Coc. Not long, Sir; this two year.

Mull. What, and a good Work-man already? I dare ſcarce truſt my head to thee.

Coc. O fear not, we ha pol'd better men then you, we learn the Trade very quickly, will your good worſhip be ſhaven or cut?

Mull. As you will; what Trade didſt live by before thou turneſt Barber, *Andrew*?

Coc. I was a Pedler in *Germany*, but my Countrey-men thrive better by this trade.

Mull. What's the newes Barber? Thou art ſometimes at Court.

Coc. Sometimes pole a Page, or ſo, Sir.

Mull. And what's the news, how do all my good Lords, and all my good Ladies, and all the reſt of my acquaintance?

Coc. What an arrogant Knave's this, I'le acquaintance ye. [*He ſpyeth the bag.*
('tis caſh) ſay ye, Sir?

Mull. And

Mull. And what news, what news, good *Andrew*?

Coc. Marry, Sir, you know the Conduit at Greenwich, and the under holes that ſpowt up water.

Mull. Very well, I was waſh'd there one day, and ſo was my Wife, you might have wrung her ſmock i'faith; but what a thoſe holes?

Coc. Thus, Sir, out of thoſe little holes, in the midſt of the Night, crawl'd out four and twenty huge, horrible, monſtrous, fearful, devouring ——

Mull. Bleſs us!

Coc. Serpents, which no ſooner were beheld, but they turn'd to Maſtiffs which howl'd, thoſe maſtiffs inſtantly turn'd to Cocks which crow'd, thoſe Cocks in a moment were chang'd to Bears which roar'd; which Bears are at this hour to be yet ſeen in *Paris Garden*, living upon nothing but toſted Cheeſe and green Onions.

Mull. By the Lord, and this may be, my Wife and I will go ſee them, this portends ſomething.

Coc. Yes, worſhipful Fieſt, thou'ſt feel what it portends by and by.

Mull. And what more news? You ſhave the World, eſpecially you Barber-Surgeons, you know the ground of many things, you are cunning privy ſearchers, by the maſs you ſcoure all: what more news?

Coc. They ſay, Sir, that 25. couple of *Spaniſh* Jennets are to be ſeen hand in hand dance the old meaſures, whilſt ſix goodly *Flaunders* Mares play to them on a noyſe of flutes.

Mull. O monſtrous! this is a lye a my word, nay, and this be not a lye, I am no fool I warrant; nay, make an Aſs of me once ——

Coc. Shut your Eyes cloſe, wink, ſure, Sir, this Ball will make you ſmart.

Mull. I do wink.

Coc. Your Head will take cold.

[Cocledemoy *puts on a Coxcomb on* Mulligrubs *Head*

I will put on your good worſhips Night-cap, whilſt I ſhave you; ſo, mum: hang toaſts, faugh, viah, ſparrows muſt peck, and *Cocledemoy* munch.

Mull. Ha, ha, ha; 25. couple of *Spaniſh* Jennets to dance the old meaſures. *Andrew* makes my worſhip laugh, i'faith, doſt

doſt take me for an Aſs, *Andrew*? Doſt know one *Cocledemoy* in Town? He made me an Aſs laſt Night, but I'le Aſs him; art thou free, *Andrew*? Shave me well, I ſhall be one of the common Councel ſhortly, and then, *Andrew*, why *Andrew*, *Andrew*, doſt leave me in the ſuds? [*Cantat.*

Why *Andrew*, I ſhall be blind with winking. Ha, *Andrew*, Wife, *Andrew*; what means this? Wife, my money, Wife.

Enter Miſtreſs Mulligrub.

Miſtreſs Mul. What's the noiſe with you? What ayl you?

M. *Mul.* Where's the Barber?

Mrs. *Mul.* Gone, I ſaw him depart long ſince; why, are you not trim'd?

M. *Mul.* Trim'd; O, Wife, I am ſhav'd; did you take hence the money?

Mrs. *Mul.* I toucht it not, as I am Religious.

M. *Mul.* O Lord, I have wink'd fair.

Enter Holifernes.

Hol. I pray, God-Father, give me your Bleſſing.

M. *Mul.* O, *Holifernes*; O, where's thy mother's *Andrew*?

Hol. Bleſſing, God-Father.

M. *Mul.* The Devil choak thee; where's *Andrew*, thy mothers man?

Hol. My Mother hath none ſuch, forſooth.

Mul. My money, 15. l. plague of all *Andrews*; who waſt trim'd me?

Hol. I know not, God-Father, only one met me, as I was coming to you, and borrowed my Furniture, as he ſaid, for a jeſt ſake.

Mul. What kind of Fellow?

Hol. A thick, elderly, ſtub-bearded Fellow.

Mul. *Cocledemoy*, *Cocledemoy*, raiſe all the wiſe men in the ſtreet, I'le hang him with mine own hands: O, Wife, ſome *Roſa-Solis*.

Mrs. *Mul.* Good Husband take comfort in the Lord, I'le play the Devil, but I'le recover it, have a good Conſcience, 'tis but a weeks cutting in the Term.

Mul. O Wife, O Wife! O *Jack*, how does thy mother? Is there any Fidlers in the Houſe?

Mrs. *Mul.* Yes, M. *Creakes* noiſe.

Mul. Bid e'm play, laugh, make merry, caſt up my accounts, for

for I'le go hang my self presently, I will not curse, but a pox on *Cocledemoy*, he has pol'd and shav'd me, he has trim'd me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Master Garnish, *and* Lionel: *Master* Mulligrub *with a standing Cup in one hand, and an Obligation in the other,* Cocledemoy *stands at the other door disguised like a* French *Pedler, and over-hears them.*

Mul. I am not at this time furnished, but there's my Bond for your Plate.

Gar. Your Bill had been sufficient, y'are a good man; a standing Cup, parcel gilt, of 32 Ounces, 11 pound, 7 shillings, the first of *July*, good Plate, good man, good day, good all.

Mul. 'Tis my hard Fortune, I will hang the Knave; no, first he shall half rot in Fetters in the Dungeon, his Conscience made despairful, I'le hire a Knave a purpose, shall assure him he is damn'd, and after see him with mine own eyes, hang'd without singing any Psalm. Lord, that he has but one Neck.

Gar. You are too Tyrannous, you'l use me no further.

Mul. No, Sir, lend me your Servant, onely to carry the Plate home; I have occasion of an hours absence.

Gar. With easie consent, Sir, hast and be careful. [*Exit* Garnish.

Mul. Be very careful, I pray thee, to my Wives own hands.

Lion. Secure your self.

Mul. To her own hand.

Lion. Fear not, I have delivered greater things then this, to a Womans own hand.

Coc. Monsieur, please you to buy a fine dilicate Ball, sweet Ball, a Camphyr Ball.

Mul. Prethee away.

Coc. One a Ball to scour, a scouring Ball, a Ball to be shaved.

Mul. For the love of God talk not of shaving, I have been shaved, mischief and a 1000 Devils cease him, I have been shaved. [*Exit* Mullig.

Coc. The Fox grows fat when he is cursed, I must draw a Lot for the great Goblet. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Miſtreſs Mulligrub, *and* Lionel *with a goblet: he delivers it, and* Exit.

Enter Cocledemoy.

Coc. Fair hour to you, Miſtreſs.

Mrs. *Mul.* Fair hour, fine term, faith I'le ſcore it up anon, a beautiful thought to you, Sir.

Coc. Your Husband, and my Maſter, Mr. *Garniſh*, has ſent you a Jole of freſh Salmon, and they both will come to Dinner to ſeaſon your new Cup with the beſt Wine, which Cup your Husband intreats you to ſend back by me, that his Arms may be graved a the ſide, which he forgot before it was ſent.

Mrs. *Mul.* By what token, are you ſent by no token? Nay, I have wit.

Coc. He ſent me by the ſame token, that he was dry ſhaved this morning.

Mrs. *Mul.* A ſad token, but true, here, Sir, I pray you commend me to your Maſter, but eſpecially to your Miſtreſs, tell them they ſhall be moſt cincerely welcome.

[*Exit.*

Coc. Shall be moſt ſincerely welcome, worſhipful *Cocledemoy*, lurk cloſe, hang toaſts, be not aſhamed of thy Quality, every mans turd ſmells well in's own Noſe, vaniſh Foyſt.

[*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. Mulligrub, *with Servants and Furniture for the Table.*

Mrs. *Mul.* Come, ſpread theſe Table Diaper Napkins.

Enter Maſter Mulligrub.

Mrs. What, are they come?

Mul. Come, who come?

Mrs. You need not mak't ſo ſtrange.

Mul. Strange?

Mrs. I, ſtrange, you know no man that ſent me word, that he and his Wife would come to dinner to me, and ſent this Jole of freſh Salmon before hand?

Mul. Peace, not I, peace, the meſſenger hath miſtaken the Houſe, let's eat it up quickly before it be enquir'd for I fit to it ſome Vinegar, quick, ſome good luck yet, faith, never taſted Salmon reliſht better, oh when a man feeds at other mens coſt.

Mrs. Other mens coft? Why, did not you ſend this Jole of Salmon?

Mul. No.

Mrs. By Maſter *Garniſh* man?

Mul. No.

Mrs. Sending me word, that he and his Wife would come to Dinner to me.

Mul. No, no.

Mrs. To ſeaſon my new Boul?

Mul. Boul?

Mrs. And withal will'd me to ſend the Boul back?

Mul. Back?

Mrs. That you might have your Arms grav'd on the ſide?

Mul. Ha?

Mrs. By the ſame token you were dry ſhaven this morning before you went forth.

Mul. Pah, how this Salmon ſtinks.

Mrs. And thereupon ſent the Boul back, prepared Dinner: Nay, and I hear not a brain.

Mul. Wife, do not vex me; is the Boul gone, is it deliver'd?

Mrs. Deliver'd? yes ſure, 'tis deliver'd.

Mul. I will never more ſay my prayers, do not make me mad, 'tis common, let me not cry like a Woman; is it gone?

Mrs. Gone? God is my witneſs, I delivered it with no Intention to be couzen'd on't, then the Child new born, and yet ——

Mul. Look to my Houſe, I am haunted with evil Spirits; hear me, do, hear me, if I have not my Goblet again, I'le go to the Devil, I'le to a Conjurer; look to my Houſe, I'le raiſe all the wiſe men i'th' ſtreet. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Deliver us, what words are theſe! I truſt in God he is but drunk ſure.

Enter Cocledemoy.

Coc. I muſt have the Salmon to worſhip *Cocledemoy*, now for the maſter-piece, God bleſs thy Neck-piece, and *Fontra*, fair Miſtreſs, my Maſter ——

Mrs. Have I caught you, what *Roger*?

Coc. Peace, good Miſtreſs, I'le tell you all, a jeſt, a very meer

meer jeſt, your Husband onely took ſport to fright you, the Boul's at my Maſter, and there is your Husband, who ſent me in all haſte, leſt you ſhould be over-frighted with his feigning, to entreat you come to Dinner to him.

Mrs. Praiſe Heaven it is no worſe.

Coc. And deſired me, to deſire you to ſend the Jole of Salmon before, and your ſelf to come after to them, my Miſtreſs would be right glad to ſee you.

Mrs. I pray carry it; and now thank them intirely: Bleſs me, I was never ſo out of my skin in my Life; pray thank your Miſtreſs moſt intirely.

Coc. So now *Figo*, worſhipful *Mall Faugh* and I will mounch, Cheaters and Bawds go together like waſhing and wringing. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Beſhrew his heart for his Labour, how every thing about me quivers; what, *Chriſtian*, my Hat and Apron; here, take my ſleeves, and how I tremble; ſo, I'le gollip it now for't, that's certain, here has been Revolutions and falſe fires indeed.

Enter Mulligrub.

Mul. Whither now? What's the matter with you now? Whither are you a gadding?

Mrs. Come, come, play the Fool no more; will you go?

Mul. Whither, in the rank name of madneſs, whither?

Mrs. Whither? Why, to Maſter *Garniſh*, to eat the Jole of Salmon; Lord, how ſtrange you make it!

Mul. Why ſo, why ſo?

Mrs. Why ſo; why, did not you ſend the ſelf-ſame Fellow for the Jole of Salmon, that had the Cup?

Mul. 'Tis well, 'tis very well.

Mrs. And willed me to come and eat with you at the Goldſmiths.

Mul. O I, I, I, art in thy right wits?

Mrs. Do you here, make a Fool of ſome body elſe, and you make an Aſs of me, I'le make an Ox of you, do you ſee?

Mul. Nay, Wife, be patient, for look you, I may be mad, or drunk, or ſo; for mine own part, though you can bear more then I, yet I can do well; I will not curſe, nor

care I, but Heaven knows what I think. Come, let's go hear some musick, *I* will never more say my prayers: Let's go hear some doleful musick: nay, if Heaven forget to prosper Knaves, *I'le* go no more to the Synagogue. Now *I* am discontented, I'le turn Sectary, that is fashion.

[*Exeunt.*

Wa, ha, ho. [Cocle. *within.*

Enter Mulligrub.

Mul. It was his voice, 'tis he: He sups with his cupping glasses. 'Tis late, he must pass this way: I'le ha him, I'le ha my fine Boy, my worshipful *Cocledemoy*, I'le moy him; he shall be hang'd in lowsie linnen, I'le hire some Sectary to make him an Heretick before he dye; and when he is dead I'le piss on his Grave.

Enter Cocledemoy.

Coc. Ah, my fine puncks, good Night, *Frank Frailty*, frail a Prail-Hall. *Bonus noctes my ubiquitari.*

Mul. Ware polling and shaving, Sir.

Coc. A wolf, a wolf, a wolf. [*Exit* Cocledemoy, *Leaving his Cloak behind him.*

Mul. Here's something yet, a Cloak, a Cloak, yet I'le after, he cannot scape the Watch, I'le hang him if I have any mercy, I'le slice him. [*Exit.*

Enter Cocledemoy.

Const. Who goes there? Come before the Constable.

Coc. Bread a God, Constable, you are a Watch for the Devil, honest men are rob'd under your Nose; there's a false Knave in the habit of a Vintner, set upon me, he would have had my Purse, but I took me to my heels: Yet he got my Cloak, a plain stuff Cloak, poor, yet 'twill serve to hang him. 'Tis my loss, poor man that I am.

Enter Mulligrub *running with* Cocledemoy's *Cloak.*

2. Masters, we must watch better; is't not strange, that Knaves, Drunkards, and Thieves should be abroad, and yet we of the Watch, Scriveners, Smiths, and Taylors never stir.

1. Heark, who goes there?

Mul. An honest man, and a Citizen.

2. Appear, appear, what are you?

Mul. A simple Vintner.

1. A Vintner, ha, and ſimple; draw nearer, draw nearer: Here's the Cloak.

2. I, maſter Vintner, we know you; a plain ſtuff Cloak: 'Tis it.

1. Right, come: Oh thou varlet, doſt not thou know that the wicked cannot ſcape the eyes of the Conſtable.

Mul. What means this violence, as I am an honeſt man, I took the Cloak.

1. As you are a Knave, you took the Cloak, we are your witneſſes for that.

Mul. But hear me, hear me, I'le tell you what I am.

2. A Thief you are.

Mul. I tell you my Name is *Mulligrub*.

1. I will grub you, in with him to the ſtocks, there let him ſit till to morrow morning, that Juſtice *Quodlibet* may examine him.

Mul. Why but I tell thee.

2. Why but I tell thee, we'l tell thee now.

Mul. Am I not mad, am I not an Aſs? Why ſcabs, Gods-foot, let me out.

2. *I, I,* let him prate, he ſhall find matter in us ſcabs *I* warrant: Gods-ſo, what good members of the Common-wealth do we prove.

1. Prethee peace, lets remember our Duties, and let's go ſleep in the fear of God. [*Exeunt.*

Having left Mulligrub *in the ſtocks.*

Mul. Who goes there? *Illo*, ho, ho: zounds ſhall I run mad, loſe my wits, ſhall *I* be hang'd; heark, who goes there? Do not fear to be poor *Mulligrub*, thou haſt a ſure ſtock now.

Enter Cocledemoy *like a Bell-man.*

Coc. The Night grows old
And many a Cuckold is now. Wha, ha, ha, ho,
Maids on their backs,
Dream of ſweet ſmacks, and warm: Wo, ho, ho, ho;
I muſt go comfort my venerable *Mulligrub*, *I* muſt.
Fiddle him till he ſift: ſough:
Maids in your Night-rails,
Look well to your light——
Keep cloſe your locks,
And down your ſmocks,
Keep a broad eye.
And a cloſe thigh; excellent, excellent, excellent, who's there?

there? Now Lord, Lord (master *Mulligrub*) deliver us, what does your worsh p in the stocks? *I* pray come out, Sir.

Mul. Zounds man, *I* tell thee *I* am lockt.

Coc. Lockt? O world, O men, O time, O night, that canst not discern virtue and wisdom, and one of the common Councel; what is your worship in for?

Mul. For (a plague on't) suspition of Felony.

Coc. Nay, and it be but such a trifle, Lord, *I* could weep to see your good worsh p in this taking: Your worship has been a good friend to me, and though you have forgot me, yet *I* knew your Wife before she was married, and since *I* have found your worships Door open, and *I* have knockt, and God knows what *I* have saved; and do I live to see your worship stockt?

Mul. Honest Bell-man, *I* perceive thou knowest me,
I prethee call the Watch;
Inform the Constable of my Reputation,
That *I* may no longer abide in this shameful habitation,
And hold thee, all *I* have about me. [*Gives him his Purse.*

Co. 'Tis more then *I* deserve, Sir let me alone for your delivery.

Mul. Do, and then let me alone with *Cocledemoy*, *I'le* may him.

Coc. Maids in your ——
Master Constable, who's that i'th' stocks?

1. One for Robbery, one *Mulligrub*, he calls himself *Mulligrub*; knowest thou him?

Coc. Know him? O master Constable, what good Service ha you done; Know him? He's a strong Thief, his House has been suspected for a Bawdy Tavern a great while, and a receipt for Cut-purses, 'tis most certain; he has been long in the black book, and is he tane now?

2. Berlady my masters we'l not trust the stocks with him, we'l have him to the Justices, get a *mittimus* to *Newgate* presently. Come, Sir, come on, Sir.

[*The Constable drags away* Mulligrub,

Enter Cocledemoy *like a Serjeant.*

Coc. So, I have lost my Serjeant in an ecliptique mist, drunk, horrible drunk, he is fine: so now will *I* fit my self, I hope this habit will do me no harm, *I* am an honest man already: fit, fit, fit as a puncks tail, that serves every body: By this time my Vintner thinks of nothing but Hell and Sal-

phur,

phur, he farts fire and brimstone already; hang toasts, the Execution approacheth. [Exit.

Enter Mulligrub, *Mrs.* Mulligrub, Cocledemoy, *and Officers.*

Offic. On afore there; room for the Prisoners.

Mul. I pray you do not lead me to Execution through *Cheap-side*, I owe Master *Garnish* the Gold-smith money, and I fear he'l set a Serjeant on my back for it.

Mrs. O Husband, I little thought you should have come to think on God thus soon; nay, and you had been hang'd deservedly, it would never have grieved me; I have known of many honest innocent men have been hang'd deservedly; but to be cast away for nothing.

Coc. Good Woman hold your peace, your prittles and your prattles; your bibbles and your babbles, for I pray you hear me in private; I am a Widdower, and you almost a Widdow, shall I be welcome to your House, to your Table, and your other things?

Mrs. I have a piece of mutton, and a feather Bed for you at all times.

Mul. I do here make my Confession; If I owe any man any thing, I do heartily forgive him: If any man owe me any thing, let him pay my Wife.

Coc. I will look to your Wives payment I warrant you.

Mul. And now good Yoke-fellow leave thy poor *Mulligrub*.

Mrs. Nay, then I were unkind i'faith, I will not leave you untill I see you hang'd.

Coc. But Brothers, you must think of your sins and iniquities; you have been a broacher of prophane Vessels, you have made us drink of the juice of the Whore of *Babylon*, for whereas good Ale, *Perry*, *Bragget*, *Sider*, and *Metheglins*, was the true Ancient, *British*, and *Trojan* Drinks; you ha brought in Popish Wines, *Spanish* Wines, *French* Wines, *tam marti quam mercurio*, both Muskadine and Malmesy, to the subversion, staggering, and sometimes over-throw of many a good Christian: You ha been a great Jumbler; O remember the sins of your Nights, for your Night-works ha been unsavoury in the taste of your Customers.

Mul. I confess, I confess; and I forgive as I would be forgiven. Do you know one *Cocledemoy*?

Coc. O very well: Know him? An honest man he is and

a

a comely, an upright dealer with his Neighbours, and their wives speak good things of him.

Mul. Well, whersoeere he is, or whatsoeve he is, I'le take it on my death he's the cause of my hanging; I heartily forgive him, and if he would come forth, he might save me, let me only know the why, and the wherefore.

Coc. You do from your hearts, and midriffs, and intrails forgive him then; you will not let him rot in rusty Irons, procure him to be hang'd in lowsie Linnen without a Song, and after he is dead, piss on his Grave.

Mul. That hard heart of mine has procured all this; but I forgive as I would be forgiven.

Coc. Hang toasts, my worshipful *Mulligrub*, behold thy *Cocledemoy*, my fine Vintner, my catrophonical fine Boy, behold and see.

1. *Gent.* Bliss a the blessed, who would but look for two Knaves here?

Coc. No Knave, worshipful Friend, no Knave, for observe, honest *Cocledemoy* restores what he has got, to make you know, that whatsoere he has done, has been only *Euphonia gratia*, for Wits sake; I acquit this Vintner, as he has acquitted me; all has been done for *Emphases* of wit, my fine Boy, my worshipful Friends.

1. *Gent.* Go, you are a flattering Knave.

Coc. I am so, 'tis a good thriving Trade, it comes forward better then the seven Liberal Sciences, or the nine Cardinal Virtues, which may well appear in this, you shall never have flattering Knave turn Courtier: And yet I have read of many Courtiers that have turn'd flattering Knaves.

2. *Gent.* Was't even but so? Why then all's well.

Mul. I could even weep for joy.

Mrs. I could weep too; but God knows for what.

Coc. And now my very fine *Heliconian* Gallants, and you my Worshipful Friends in the middle Region:

If with content our hurtless mirth hath been,
Let your pleas'd minds as our much care be seen:
For he shall find that slights such trivial wit,
'Tis easier to reprove, then better it.
We scorn to fear, and yet we fear to swell,
Yet do not hope 'tis best: 'Tis all, if well. [*Exeunt.*

FINIS.